THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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A CONFLAGRATION SWEEPS CHELSEA

A Million Dollars Loss in This Second Great Fire

Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 21.—The fire departments of Malden, Everett, Charlestown and East Boston are sending help for fighting a fire which started at eight o'clock this morning in the box factory of Atwood and McManus, on Sixth street. The factory is a three story wooden structure covering a wide area of ground, was swept by the flames so rapidly that the 250 hands employed there had to scurry out for their lives.

The first alarm was followed immediately by a second one and then a third. This was succeeded by a general alarm, bringing all the fire fighting force of Chelsea to the scene and also calling help from nearby districts.

The big shoe factories of Lee Brothers and of Walton and Logan, adjoining the burning box factory, are in danger of being destroyed. Kelley Brothers shoe factory and Pope and Cottle's lumber yard have been swept clean by the flames.

Driven by a strong east wind the flames pounced on the new freight yard of the Boston and Albany railroad in which 5,000 freight cars are yarded. A gang of 200 Italians has been turned out with hose lines to wet down the cars and a hurry call has been sent to the railroad office for engines.

The fire is raging in the square bounded by Sixth and Yates street, Everett avenue and the Boston and Maine railroad track. Yates street is only twenty-five feet wide. The flames threaten to jump the narrow thoroughfare any moment and lick up tenement houses on the other side of the street. The panic stricken tenement dwellers have moved their goods out into the street and are fleeing indescribable confusion.

At quarter before two o'clock the fire was believed to be under control.

Including five large tenement houses and a large number of cars in the railroad yard, the loss is expected to reach a million dollars.

Five hundred people are rendered homeless, many factories, freight depots, etc., consumed and traffic on the Boston and Maine railroad is suspended.

The adjoining town of Everett was threatened with destruction at one time.

THEY LIKE PORTSMOUTH.

Railroad Baseball Men to Play the Third Game Here on Saturday.

The Boston and Maine and Maine Central clerks, who have each won one game of baseball in this city, are coming here again on Saturday next, to play the rubber.

The game will be played at the Plains and a large crowd of rooters will come along with the ball tossers.

YORK

At the annual meeting of the trustees of the York hospital, the following officers were chosen for the following officers were chosen for the coming year: Edward C. Cook, president; Albert M. Bragdon, treasurer and clerk; Edward C. Cook, Wilson L. Hawkes, Seabury W. Allen, Albert M. Bragdon, executive committee. The report of the treasurer showed that the interest of the people in the institution was well maintained, the receipts from patients and the donations of friends had not only paid for the heating plant installed during the past year but had left no bills for the year unpaid. The report of the matron showed the number of patients to have been largely increased, being, ninety-one. Of these all recovered but two, which makes a very satisfactory showing. The report of the Mariana Bryan Lathrop memorial nurse, the district nurse made possible by the generosity of a summer resident, shows the usefulness of the memorial. Four hundred and fifty-two visits have been made on eighty-five persons requiring the services of a trained nurse and unable otherwise to receive such attention. The work of this nurse becomes more invaluable every year as her duties and usefulness are better understood.

A LITTLE BOY'S FUNERAL

The funeral of Charles C. Coleman was held at two o'clock this afternoon, at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Coleman, on Marcy street. The burial was at Harmony Grove cemetery under direction of H. W. Nickerson.

MANY INCENDIARY FIRES IN THE TOWN OF YORK

Five Fires Set in Woods and Fields and a Sixth in the Village

Men Stayed up All Night to Guard Property Against Possible Destruction

Only Clue to Identity of the Incendiary Fiend Is the Kind of Track He Makes on Soft Soil

A firebug is out to destroy the town of York.

Within twenty-four hours a half dozen fires have been set in the town and men have been hunting night and day for the fiend.

The first work of arson was discovered on Sunday noon when a lively blaze broke out in the pasture of the Washington Junkins estate, which contains a valuable growth of hard pine.

This blaze was extinguished with much difficulty in a strong wind, and within thirty minutes the second blaze was found one-half a mile from the first, in the same pasture.

Two hundred yards from this, the third broke out on the Chase road, and five hundred yards from this the fourth was set.

The firebug then crossed onto the land of Samuel A. Preble, where he touched off the fifth fire and made into the woods.

Early this morning the church bells were rung and called the people to the rear of the Congregational church where the sixth fire was making a good headway.

All night long, hundreds of men guarded property while others hunted the firebug through the woods but found nothing but his foot prints which show that he wore shoes with rubber soles and no heels.

Many times on Sunday the citizens were unable to reach the flames with the hose of the fire department and automobiles of the summer residents were pressed into service to carry water.

During Sunday the flames again broke out on the land of the York Harbor Brick company and the company suffered another loss of wood amounting to 500 cords.

TWO FINED FOR ASSAULT

And only One Drunk Before Portsmouth Police Court This Morning

Two assault cases and one for drunkenness, was the line-up before Judge Sines at the morning session of municipal court today.

A Military Mixup.

John Samboski, for assault on William Chick was the first case heard.

This case was the ultimation of a mixup on State street Saturday noon when Samboski wanted transportation to the fort on the army mailed wagon and Chick, the driver, objected. Samboski pleaded not guilty conducted his own case.

On the testimony of the arresting officer and the driver, the court ordered Samboski to pay a fine of $3.00 and costs of $6.10.

Didn't Know His Fist Was Loaded.

The heavy hitter was Michael Cunningham, who put George Houghton in the corner with a strong upper cut in a North end saloon on Saturday night.

Cunningham said it was all a mistake, he did not mean to strike Mr. Houghton.

Houghton said mistake or not, he got it hard and quick, and for what he never will know.

The court told Cunningham to hand up a fine of $3.00 and costs of $6.50.

A Lonesome Drunk.

Frank J. Galvin, the only drunk before the court, claimed Charlestown, Mass., as his home. He has not called on his friends here for a year. If he don't come for another year he is safe. His case was placed on file.

BURGLARS AT FARMINGTON

Regular Work in New Hampshire Village Looks Like Professional

Professional burglars got in their work at Farmington village on Saturday night for the third time within three weeks. The drug store of William W. Roberts in the Odd Fellows block on Main street and the Farmington shoe company's shop on Central street were broken into and robbed. Entrance was gained in each place by prying open the front door with a heavy chisel or a jimmy. The drug store door was double locked.

The biggest haul was made at the drug store. The break there was discovered at 8 o'clock in the morning by Herbert Brown, the head clerk, who found that he safe had not been molested, but that from the various cash registers about $50 in money had been taken. From the cutlery show case $50 worth of razors were taken and about $10 worth of fountain pens were gone. Together with various other articles missed the total loss is estimated at exceeding $200.

The sole leather department of the Farmington shoe company was entered and the burglars had access to the other parts of the factory. William Fraser, the head bookkeeper, states that the office was not entered, and that if anything was taken it was probably shoes. Just what was taken will not be known until a thorough sear of the premises has been made. The burglars did their work quietly, for night watchman Eugene Abbott says he heard no noise about the factory during the night.

MONEY IN A PILLOW

And It Burned When the Fire Caught in the Pillow

A roll of $150 hidden in a pillow was consumed in a fire at 7 Ridge street, Nashua, on Sunday afternoon. The money was the property of Mrs. Mary Mulliott and had been put inside the pillow for safe keeping.

The fire started in the bed and evidently originated from a spark from a pipe or cigar.

About $50 damage was done to the house.

CONCERT BY COLORED PEOPLE.

A star concert company will appear at the Peoples' Baptist church, colored, Rev. L. G. Nichols, pastor, tomorrow evening, Sept. 22. Some of the special features of this entertainment will be the interpretation of the poems of D. Webster Davis and Paul Laurence Dunbar by G. Matthew King and M. W. Connor. The people of Portsmouth will also have an opportunity to hear for the first time Mrs. Mary Carter Langston of Weehawken, N. J., in her orginal poetry. Mrs. Langston is destined to become the leading poetess of her race. Other features will be solos, vocal and instrumental music, by leading city talent.

This entertainment will be given for the benefit of Miles W. Connor, a student of Virginia Union University, Richmond, Va. This young man without parents, or aid is striving to secure an education.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION CHURCH NOTES.

Vesper service which has been was resumed on Sunday.

The Sunday school of the parish omitted during the summer months opened yesterday with a large attendance and an able corps of teachers.

A memorial mass will be sung on Friday morning, for the late Mrs. Nora Hartnett.

Rev. Fr. Walter Dee of Dover, a former assistant in this parish, delivered the sermon on Sunday at Epping when Rev. Fr. Charles Leddy of that town celebrated his first mass. Portsmouth people who were present on the occasion, were highly pleased with his address.

BABY ANTENIVICH.

Stanley Antenivich died at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Antenivich, No. 16 Russell street, on Sunday morning at three o'clock, aged three months. The funeral was from the home on Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. Interment was in Calvary cemetery under the direction of W. P. Miskell.

Geo. B. French Co

Notions, Dressmakers' Findings and Toilet Articles.

Pin Cubes 5c and 10c.
Duplex Safety Pins 5c, 6c and 7c.
Nickel Safety Pins 2c dozen.
English Pins 6c paper.
English Book Pins 10c.
Tape, assorted widths, bunch 5c.
Best Tape, 10 yard rolls, 10c.
Mourning Pins, 3 boxes for 5c.
Snap Fasteners 8c dozen.
Hump Hooks and Eyes 3c card.
Sateen Tape Measures 5c.
5 Yard Pieces Dress Braid 10c.
Collar Bones 5c and 10c.
Collar Bone, per yard 12c and 15c.
Hair Nets 25c.
Button Thread 5c spool.
Basting Cotton 1c spool.
Spool Silk, short length, at 10c dozen.
Darning Cotton, 3 balls for 5c.
Dress Shields, 3 pairs for 25c.

Roger & Gallet Violet Water 79c.
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Woodbury's Soap 19c.
Cuticura Soap 19c.
Castile Soap 5c and 10c.
Corylopsis Talcum 15c.
Roger & Gallet Powder 19c.
Squibbs' Talcum 21c.
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Mennen's Talcum 17c.
Lyons' Tooth Powder 17c.
Calox Tooth Powder 25c.
Sanitol Tooth Powder 21c.
Listerated Tooth Powder 25c.
Lablache Face Powder 39c.
Pompeian Massage Cream 42c.
Elcaya Cream 50c.
Hudnut's Cream 50c.
Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream 39c.

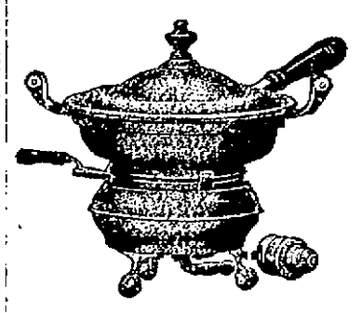
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Together ..... *Robert Herrick*
Little Brown Jug at Kildare ..... *Meredith Nicholson*
Myrtle Baldwin ..... *Charles Clark Munn*
Little Brother of the Rich ..... *Joseph Medell Patterson*
The Riverman ..... *Stewart White*
Hilary On Her Own ..... *Barnes-Grundy*
The Fortunes of Oliver Horn ..... *Hopkinson Smith*
The Man From Bradley's ..... *McCutcheon*
The Mystery of the Yellow Room ..... *Leroux*
The Firing Line ..... *Robert Chambers*
The Gentleman of Virginia ..... *Geo. Eggleston*
Thou Fool ..... *J. J. Bell*
The Way of a Man ..... *Emerson Hough*
The Woman Pays ..... *Frederick P. Ladd*

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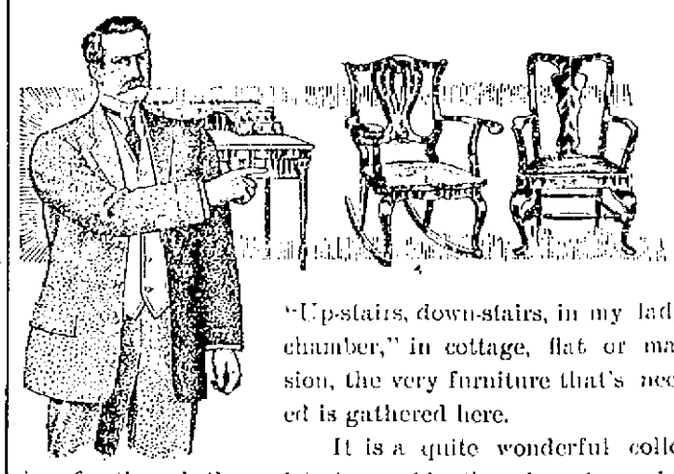
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It is a quite wonderful collection, for though the variety is so wide, there is not a piece that but will stand the most rigid test of worthiness—there is not a piece that is not priced as low, if not lower, than it's match anywhere. Come and see.

MARGESON BROS.,

19-21 Vaughan St., Portsmouth, N. H.

YORK FOREST FIRES UNDER CONTROL

Shift Of Wind Saturday And Large Force Of Men Did Trick

The forest fires at York were placed under control on Saturday afternoon, and for the first time in several days the air Sunday was free from smoke.

The original fire at Folly Pond was placed under control through a fortunate shift of the wind early Saturday forenoon, which drove the flames back over the burned over territory. During the forenoon a fire broke out in the Cider Hill district and this for a time threatened to be dangerous but by concentrating the working force on it, the fire was confined to a small territory and very little damage done.

The fire fighting force was, however, held at the scene of the fire all of the day and checked several small fires that started.

A QUART OF BLOOD

Drained From Father to Save the Life of a Tiny Baby

Transfusion of blood from the arteries of a man thirty-four years old, to the veins of an infant born fifteen days ago, has been accomplished successfully in Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, and is the first operation of its kind of which there is record in Europe or America.

A male child, then eleven days old, whose father and mother are Nathan and Rebecca Goldberg, of No. 1932 Second avenue, was brought to the hospital. Apparently the baby was dying. He was suffering from hemorrhages, which had continued from the day of his birth. He weighed five pounds.

One of the surgeons suggested that there was one chance in ten thousand of saving the child by transfusion—and this was communicated to the father, who immediately expressed his willingness to give as much of his own blood as might be needed.

Baby Goldberg did not have a vein in his arm large enough to see with a magnifying glass, so it was decided that an incision should be made in his femoral vein, which runs close by the femoral artery in the leg. Two operating tables were drawn together and the child, scarcely breathing and pallid as chalk, was placed alongside of his father, who had been put under the influence of ether.

The smallest cannula in the surgical collection was then adjusted. Ordinarily this could have been done inside of ten minutes, but under the extraordinary conditions it took more than an hour, and demanded the greatest delicacy of handling.

The change in the puny patient was marvelous and the doctors crowded around the table to watch the result. With each pulsation of the man's heart the complexion of the child changed. From a ghastly white it began to grow to a faint pink, then deeper, then red, and finally a bluish scarlet.

The surgeon in charge, keeping a record of both pulses, directed his assistant to shut off the flow at the expiration of thirty minutes. It was estimated that in that time a quart of blood had flowed from the arteries of the father into the veins of the child. The supply and receiving pipes were properly closed, the baby was put in charge of two trained nurses, and the father was sent to his home.

AN HISTORIC HOUSE

A Plan to Save Parsonage at Kittery Point From Destruction

The Congregational parsonage at Kittery is one of the oldest houses in the state of Maine. It is the oldest ecclesiastical residence in the state, and the oldest one in present use in New England. The house was built in 1729 in the days of Hon. William Pepperrell, father of Sir William Pepperrell. It contains the library bequeathed by Sir William to Dr. Benjamin Stevens, for forty years minister of the Kittery Point church. Dr. Stevens, in his turn, bequeathed the library to the Congregational ministers of Kittery and York for all time. Many of these books contain the Pepperrell coat of arms.

The house is no longer fit for the habitation of a pastor and family, and if not immediately repaired, must very quickly fall into ruin. The church and parish are collecting money in order to build a new and modern parsonage, which is to cost about $2,500. The larger part of this sum they have already secured.

Some friends of the church have felt that it would not only be a great pity, but almost an act of sacrilege to let this old house be pulled down, as it surely must be before very long, if steps are not taken to save it. The suggestion has therefore been made that it should be repaired and put into condition where it can be of use to the church and community in the capacity of parish house. To accomplish this will require the raising of from $800 to $1000, for which sum the building can be put in condition to stand for another fifty years. The old lines will be retained in the case of every detail of the repairs, where any piece of woodwork needs to be entirely renewed.

The people of Kittery Point have contributed to the full extent of their means toward the building of the new parsonage, and are not able to carry the added task of securing for this proposed restoration fund.

An appeal has been sent out for general aid on the undertaking.

COST OF ROYAL FUNERALS

That of Grand Duke Nicholas Was $200,000—Beaten by Ancients

No modern ruler has been buried at the cost of Alexander the Great, at whose funeral $7,000,000 was spent, part of the money going toward providing a solid gold coffin for the dead ruler.

The Emperor William of Germany was buried at a cost of $125,000, and the last rites of the Grand Duke Nicholas ran into $200,000.

A sum of $175,000 was spent on Queen Victoria's obsequies, $12,500 of which went for the entertainment of royal and foreign guests, and $75,000 on traveling, food and accommodation of troops.

When the duke of Wellington was laid to rest in 1852, a sum of $250,000 was spent, giving him what has been described as the most splendid funeral of the 19th century. Stray Stories.

CHECKLIST NOTICE

The Board of Registrars of Voters of the City of Portsmouth hereby give notice that they will be in session at the common council chamber at City Hall in said city on the following dates viz: Sept. 22, 25, 29, Oct. 2, 6, 9, 13, 16, 20, 27, and at the following hours from 9 a. m. to 12 m. from 2 to 5, 7.30 to 9 p. m. for the purpose of making up and correcting the checklists of the several wards in said city to be used at the election to be held Nov. 3, 1908.

The said board will also be in session at the same place on election day, Nov. 3, 1908, from 8 a. m. to 12 m. and from 1 to 4 p. m., for the purpose of granting certificates to those legal voters whose names are omitted from the lists.

Voters must bear in mind that it is their personal duty to see that their names are on the lists by registering themselves at the sessions of the board.

Per order,
Board of Registrars.

The big campaign flag was badly torn on Saturday night, being caught on a wire during the high wind.

WITH THE THEATRICAL FOLK

Fenberg Company All the Week.

The opening play, "The Millionaire's Revenge," the play that created the greatest furore throughout the country, deals with the life and incidents connected with the great Madison Square Roof Garden tragedy, when Harry K. Thaw shot and killed Stanford White.

The West of long ago is so closely associated with deeds of valor and acts of kindness, that it affords the dramatist rich material for constructing play of sensationalism. Owen Davis, who wrote "The King and Queen of Gamblers," which will be presented by The Fenberg Stock Company, while here, has gone to the heart of California for the characters used in depicting this work. Such types as the hopeful prospector, the clean gambler, the cattle hunter and the ranchmen are carefully drawn and go to make up the people who enact the parts. There were two types of gamblers during the early days of the West, one who looked upon the profession honestly and disdained anything but the most honorable connection with it; the other was the unscrupulous pilferer. In putting these two, one against the other, Mr. Davis formed the principal episode of the play.

Other plays to be presented during the week are "At Piney Ridge," "Life of an Actress," out of the Fold," "Harvest, or As Man Sows" and others.

Daily matinees beginning Tuesday. Popular prices.

A BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY

Miss Louise Bragdon Entertains Her Young Friends at Her Home In Greenland

Miss Louise Bragdon, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Bragdon observed her birthday anniversary on Saturday and in honor of the event entertained very prettily, twenty-four of her young friends. It was a very merry gathering filled with many pretty surprises to the little people and Miss Louise proved herself a charming little host.

Jack Frost is getting busy.

DAILY FASHION TALKS

BY MAY MANTON

A SIMPLE AFTERNOON GOWN.

SIMPLE afternoon gowns are always in demand. This one is made of blue cashmere with bands of black silk braid but could be utilized for almost any simple material with equal success. Light weight serge and chiffon Panama both are excellent, there are a great many pretty novelty fabrics both plain and figured, and shepherd's check is having great vogue. For the trimming flat banding is always pretty and easy to apply, but bias bands of contrasting material also are much used and are effective while the blouse of silk and the skirt of wool would make a useful combination. Shepherd's check with trimming of black bands is smart and suits the design admirably. If something a little more elaborate is wanted, the panels could be of black as well as the bands.



For the medium size the blouse will require 3½ yards of material 24, 2½ yards 32 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 2¼ yards of braid; the skirt 7⅜ yards 27, 6 yards 44 or 3⅜ yards 52 inches wide with 16½ yards of braid. A May Manton pattern of the blouse, No. 6097, sizes 32 to 42 inches bust, or of the skirt, No. 6017, sizes 22 to 30 inches waist, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each. (If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage which insures more prompt delivery.)

ONE DAY'S RESPITE.

Pardon Granted to Albert S. Newman of Manchester.

Albert S. Newman, former president of the Manchester News publishing company, who is serving a two to five years' sentence in the state prison for embezzlement from the corporation, has been granted a pardon by Governor Floyd and council, to take effect the day prior to the expiration of his minimum sentence, on Oct. 22.

The petition, which bears the signatures of several residents of Manchester, was recently presented to the governor and council. No one appeared in opposition to it.

Newman was indicted and jointly tried with Herbert N. Davison, treasurer of the Manchester News publishing company, for the embezzlement of $1779 of the funds of the corporation, which were on deposit in the First national bank. They were convicted and sent to state prison by Judge Robert J. Peaslee. Davison was given 14 months and Newman two years.

The court in imposing sentence on Davison, took into consideration the fact that he had at that time spent eight months in jail awaiting trial, while Newman had been out on bail. Davison was also pardoned and left the prison a day previous to the expiration of his term.

OLDEST ODDFELLOW.

Joseph Schofield Had Belonged to Order Sixty-Six Years.

Joseph Schofield, who was a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows for sixty-six years, died on Thursday at New Canaan, Conn., at the age of ninety-nine years, two months and two days. Although death was due to the infirmities of years, Mr. Schofield until recently, has shown remarkable activity for one of his age. He was an ardent advocate of the temperance cause.

Mr. Schofield had lived in New Canaan since he was fifteen years old. At that age he was apprenticed to learn the trade of shoemaking, and in 1834 he opened a shoe factory in Pound Ridge, near New Canaan, but sold out after having accumulated a comfortable competence. In 1831 he married Miss Abigail Griffin, and they lived together for seventy-one years. Mr. Schofield was a charter member of Wooster Lodge, I. O. O. F., which he joined in 1842, and was undoubtedly the oldest member of the order.

KINGSTON.

The potato crop in this vicinity at its best is not over half of a crop. At its worst the potatoes do not pay for the digging. There is also considerable complaint of the potato scab.

Sanborn Seminary began its twentieth year last week, with about the same enrollment as last year. For the first time in seven years there has been no change in the teaching force. Charles E. Webster is entering upon his twentieth year as janitor of the school. The Seminary Athletic association has been invited to send a track team to the Amesbury fair September 30 to contend with teams from several other schools. Probably a team will be sent.

The season of 1908 will go on record as one of the dryest known in this vicinity. The last part of July and the first part of August gave us good rains, but for about three weeks we have had hot, dry weather, drying up the fall feed in pastures which was starting up after the rain. Wells and springs are getting very low and unless rain comes quite copiously before winter sets in there will be a great lack of water.

A REMARKABLE RECOVERY

George H. Young is making a most remarkable recovery at the Cottage hospital from a fall of 35 feet at the Franklin shiphouse at the navy yard three weeks ago. He received 11 major and minor fractures, including a fracture of the skull and broken legs and arms and injuries from which it was said he could not survive. In the face of such predictions, he has gained a little and will undoubtedly recover, but under the further prediction of the surgeons that he will likely be almost a cripple for life owing to an injured spine. His home is in York, and he was at the work of ship carpenter when hurt.

FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN JOHN PRUETT

The funeral of Captain John Pruett was held at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon from the Free Will Baptist church at Kittery Point, Rev. J. A. Pinaleo officiating. Interment was in the Free Will Baptist cemetery under the direction of O. W. Ham.

Soda Crackers with *crack* to them
Soda Crackers with *snap* to them
Soda Crackers with *taste* to them

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You are after Quality and Quantity combined

There Is No Chance To Deceive You If You Have Ever Tasted The Genuine.—If You Are Being Deceived By Your Dealer Write

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Telephone First class repair work.

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LEGISLATIVE ACHIEVEMENT.

What Congress Has Done In the Last Seven Years.

A REVIEW BY ROOSEVELT.

Considers It Urgently Necessary to Elect Taft to Continue and Develop Policies of National Importance--Asks Private Citizens to Back Up Movement For Election of Congress Which Will Not Be Hostile.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept 21.—President Roosevelt, in a letter to Chairman McKinley of the Republican congressional committee, just made public, appeals to disinterested citizens to join with the national Republican committee and the congressional committee in a movement to elect William H. Taft as president and a Republican congress to support him. The letter follows:

I have received your letter of Aug. 28. I agree with all that you say as to the amount of affirmative and constructive legislation for the social and economic benefit of our people which has been accomplished by the congress during the last seven years. The law establishing a national system of irrigation was of vital importance, and stands in its line as second only to the homestead law. The interstate commerce law has been amended so as to make it a new law, with three-fold the efficiency of the old law. The enactment of the pure food law was of almost or quite equal importance.

The creation of the department of commerce and labor, together with the creation of a bureau of corporations, which marks the beginning of federal control over the huge corporations doing an interstate business, the employers' liability law, the safety appliance law, the law limiting the working hours of railway employes, the meat inspection law, the denatured alcohol law, the anti-rebate law, the laws increasing the powers of the department of justice in dealing with those, regardless of wealth and power, who infract the law; the law making the government liable for injuries to its employes, the laws under which the Panama canal was acquired and is being built, the Philippines administered, and the navy developed; the laws creating a permanent census bureau and reforming the consular service and the system of naturalization, the law forbidding child labor in the District of Columbia, the law providing a commission under which our currency system can be put on a thoroughly satisfactory basis, the laws for the proper administration of the forest service, the laws for the admission of Oklahoma and the development of Alaska, the great appropriations for the development of agriculture, the legal prohibition of campaign contributions from corporations—all these represent but a portion of what has been done by congress, and form a record of substantial legislative achievement in harmony with the best and most progressive thought of our people.

It is urgently necessary, from the standpoint of the public interest, to elect Mr. Taft, and a Republican congress which will support him; and they seek election on a platform which specifically pledges the party, alike in its executive and legislative branches, to continue and develop the policies which have been not merely professed but acted upon during these seven years. These policies can be successfully carried through only by the hearty cooperation of the president and the congress in both its branches, and it is therefore peculiarly important that there should obtain such harmony between them.

To fail to elect Mr. Taft would be a calamity to the country; and it would be folly, while electing him, yet at the same time to elect a congress hostile to him, a congress which under the influence of partisan leadership would be certain to thwart and hinder him on every possible occasion. To elect Mr. Taft, and at the same time to elect a congress pledged to support him, is the only way in which to perpetuate the policy of the government as now carried on. I feel that all the aid that can be given to this policy by every good citizen should be given; for this is far more than a merely partisan matter.

Both your committee and the national committee are endeavoring to secure the active co-operation on the stump of senators and congressmen, party leaders and independent citizens generally. I most heartily join in urging the importance of such cooperation. I hope that every disinterested private citizen, whose sole concern in politics is to have the right kind of men carry out the right kind of policy, will join in backing up your committee as well as the national committee in this movement. No service is as effective, as valuable, as the disinterested service given in such manner by men whose one concern is for the triumph of the principles in which they believe; and I appeal with all the strength there is in me to such men to give such support.

PRINCE MARRIES AMERICAN.

Paris, Sept. 21.—The report is published here that Prince Miguel of Braganza, the eldest son of Dom Miguel, the pretender to the throne of Portugal, was recently secretly married to Mrs. Samuel S. Chauncey, a rich American widow.

NEW ENGLAND NEEDS RAIN.

General Drouth Situation Has Become Decidedly Serious.

Boston, Sept. 21.—Anxiety is filling the heart of the New England farmer, for a drouth, which is pronounced to be one of the severest, long-continued, dry periods in many years, has spread itself over the New England states, causing suffering to people, cattle and crops throughout the country districts.

It was on Aug. 26 that the last general rainfall came to New England, and since then, except for a few short local showers, the drouth has continued unabated. Every effort is being made to keep as much drinking water in the wells as is possible, but in many places the wells are running dry and a very serious state of affairs confronts the farmers.

Grass and vegetation have suffered severely. Water in the lakes has been receding at the rate of one inch a day. Numerous forest fires have started. Many mills have been crippled by the lack of water supply and others have been compelled to shut down for a time entirely.

In many places for two or three feet below the surface there is not a bit of moisture. Potatoes have been dug earlier than is the custom and for this reason are much smaller in size than in previous years. Country water basins have run dry. The wells are low, and in many cases it has been necessary to carry water for household use two miles. Cattle have been suffering for lack of water and the milk supply is becoming limited. There is a shortage of pasture feed, and an absence of green feed and fodder for the cattle.

TELEPOST BUYS ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Official Announcement Is Made by President Sellers.

New York, Sept. 21.—By purchasing control of the Atlantic Telegraph company the new telegraph company, the Telepost, has acquired the use of a working line over 150 miles long, from Boston to Portland, Me. President Sellers of the Telepost company made the following announcement today:

"It is true that we have acquired control of the Atlantic lines from Boston to Portland and will immediately install our rapid automatic system of telegraphy on this line, accepting business at our uniform rate of 25 cents for twenty-five words, 5 cents for each additional ten words. The Western Union's Boston-Portland rate is 30 cents for ten words.

"Our Boston-Portland service will be an object lesson in the possibilities of 1000 words a minute telegraphy at lower rates than the public has ever dreamed of. Mr. Delany's invention, which we control exclusively, introduces a new era in wire transmission, both in respect to speed and economy. We are able to utilize the full capacity of the wires by machines which send and receive at speeds of 1000 words a minute. The old wire companies are limited by hand transmission to a small fraction of this speed. This is the explanation of the superiority of the Telepost system and of our lower rates.

Portland will be the starting point westward of our transcontinental trunk line, on which we are actively at work. Our plans for the opening up of other territories are well advanced, but we are not now ready to announce details. The fulfillment of these plans, however, will soon become evidence to the public, just as in the case of the Atlantic lines, when all our arrangements are completed.

"The Atlantic lines touch Lowell, Lawrence and other Massachusetts cities, besides Dover and Portsmouth, N. H., and several Maine towns. We shall have five offices in Boston and expect to get more than our share of the 80,000 messages that pass daily between Portland and Boston.

WRIGHT HEARS BAD NEWS

Washington, Sept. 21 Orville Wright has learned of the death of Lieutenant Selfridge. Every reasonable precaution was taken to guard against Wright knowing of the army officer's fate, but a letter of condolence opened by the injured aeroplanist referred to Selfridge's death, and the doctors had no alternative but to state the truth. For several hours after reading the letter Wright seemed much depressed.

FOR IRELAND'S FREEDOM.

Boston, Sept. 21.—The freedom of Ireland and the general uplifting of the Irish race is the keynote of thought dominating a gathering of distinguished men of Irish blood now in this city. The annual convention of the United Irish League of America will open its regular sessions tomorrow. Already several preliminary gatherings have been held and the cause of Ireland is being strenuously pleaded on every occasion.

MISS HILBERT NOT FOUND.

Northampton, Mass., Sept. 21.—One hundred men, under the direction of John Hilbert and Deputy Sheriff Allen, scoured the woods and fields about Chesterfield all day Sunday in a vain search for some trace of Esther Hilbert, the 19 year old schoolgirl who disappeared from her mother's summer home in Chesterfield one week ago yesterday. The search brought out nothing new.

INEFFICIENT AND NEGLIGENT.

Russian Authorities Blamed For Spread of Cholera.

NOW HAS FIRM FOOTHOLD.

Hundred and Fory-One Deaths In St. Petersburg In Twenty-Four Hours--Market Places Are Filthy and City In General Is Woefully Unsanitary--Official Reports Held Down to Minimum to Prevent Panic.

St Petersburg, Sept. 21.—St. Petersburg is in the grasp of the Asiatic cholera, which already has exceeded in severity and number of deaths the visitation of 1893. The disease is increasing daily at an alarming rate, and unless the authorities show in the future a much greater degree of ability to cope with the situation than they have in the past there is every reason to fear that it will get out of hand.

The government has threatened to apply the provisions of martial law, and this threat has driven the municipality officials to bend all their energies to the campaign of clearing the scourge. The aldermanic council yesterday voted a preliminary sum amounting to $250,000 to enlarge the hospital space, to purchase and distribute disinfectants, the supply of which in St. Petersburg is well nigh exhausted, and to expedite the interment of bodies, which has been notoriously slow. The dead houses are overcrowded and many corpses lie unburied.

The situation, which has always been serious since the very first case was reported, assumes a graver aspect from the appearance yesterday of a very virulent type of the disease, in two cases of which death followed within fifteen minutes of the first symptoms. The official statistics posted show that from Saturday noon until Sunday noon there were 398 cases and 141 deaths.

It is feared that the cholera will make further gains for at least another fortnight, this being figured on the basis of former epidemics. All varieties of Asiatic cholera have now developed here, there being numerous cases of the Algid type, which is accompanied by the greatest sufferings.

Premier Stolypin has sharply reprimanded the municipal officials for the appalling conditions. At Obneduff hospital, which he visited on Saturday, he found that three bathrooms were doing service for 300 patients. The physicians were powerless to carry out the proper course of treatment, and the mortality at this hospital has been three times of that at other hospitals. Three of the nurses at this institution were stricken with the disease yesterday, making a total of nine nurses now under treatment for cholera.

Practically nothing has been done up to the present to put the city's market places in a sanitary condition. They are places of indescribable filth, with the atmosphere reeking with foul odors. One hundred carloads of fruit have been auctioned off and forwarded to Warsaw, Vilna and other towns, which the cholera has not invaded, and the possibility of infection from this source is very great.

As a city St. Petersburg is woefully unsanitary and the dread disease finds the conditions most suitable for its propagation. It first made its appearance among the poor people herded in wretched tenements, but it is now spreading to the better classes and it has broken out in the barracks among the troops.

The authorities had every warning of the coming of the disease, and their utter inability to take proper precautions to prevent its spread has brought out a storm of indignant criticism. As an example of the inefficiency and negligence displayed, it is sufficient to cite that many cholera cases have been conveyed to the hospitals in the city cabs, which are very numerous in St Petersburg, after which these same cabs were permitted, without disinfection, to return to their work on the streets.

The cholera was first reported this year about the end of July. It was of a virulent type and the percentage of mortality was high. The disease spread rapidly into the provinces along the Volga. By the end of August there was an average of 1200 cases reported each week, with a mortality of upwards of 50 percent.

On Aug. 11th it was announced that St Petersburg was threatened with the scourge, and on Sept. 8 it was definitely established that the disease was in the capital. On Sept 11 there were fifty-eight cases here and the disease was prevalent in all quarters of the city. The record of cases and deaths from that date until the present showed alarming increase, and it is the general belief here that the health authorities, in a desire to prevent the people from becoming panic-stricken, are holding their official reports down to a minimum

Advices from all parts of Russia show that the alarm is very general and that there is good reason for it

Germany has become alarmed over the spread of the disease, and the German authorities have taken precautions to prevent its crossing the frontier. Austria has done the same thing. Sweden and other nearby countries have declared a quarantine against Russia, and France is ready to meet any exigency that may arise.

STABBER SHOT AND KILLED.

Constable Who Tried to Make Arrest Is In a Critical Condition.

Plymouth, Mass., Sept. 21.—In resisting arrest on a charge of assault, John Monte, a Cape Verde Islander, who has been employed as a cranberry picker, was shot and killed at South Carver by Arthur L. Atwood, who was assisting Constable James B. Vaughan. The latter, who is 60 years old, is in a critical condition from the dirk wound in the chest and Atwood is also suffering from several wounds caused by Monte's knife.

Monte was 50 years old and was employed at the cranberry bog of Dexter Atwood in South Carver. He was discharged on Saturday by the foreman, Arthur L. Atwood, and afterwards attempted to assault the foreman with a dirk. A warrant for Monte's arrest was sworn out and yesterday Vaughan took the warrant and, accompanied by Foreman Atwood, went to Monte's house to arrest him. Monte resisted and in the scuffle both the constable and Atwood were stabbed, the constable receiving a dangerous wound between the ribs, penetrating the chest cavity. The constable is said to have ordered Atwood to shoot, whereupon the latter seized the constable's revolver and fired several shots, one of them entering Monte's temple and killing him instantly.

FIRE FIGHTERS ARE VICTORIOUS.

Flames In Maine Forests Brought Under Subjection.

Augusta, Me., Sept. 21.—The men of Maine, having fought a good fight against the state's greatest enemy, the forest fire, and come off victorious, ask only for rain to complete the work they have so ably carried on the past week.

In almost every section where the conflagration has roared night and day for almost a week the report is that the flames are under control. The only exception is about Ellsworth, where the fire burned fiercely all Sunday, yet was held in check to the extent that no dwellings were consumed and the danger turned from the village.

In the Androscoggin valley the fire has been practically extinguished, and Greenfield, which was Saturday night entirely surrounded by fire, has been preserved through the exertions of forts of two companies of troops from Old Town. The men worked through the night and battled so successfully with the flames that not a building was lost.

Except a high wind arises to fan into fury the smouldering embers, it is believed the danger is now past, although in view of their experience of the past week none will rest fully contented until a heavy rain has drenched the woods and fields.

PARIS HAS A BIG FIRE.

Paris, Sept. 21.—Fire broke out last night in the Central Telephone building and spread with such rapidity that the telephone employes were forced to fly hastily to the streets. The entire building was soon in flames and this, together with the postoffice, was totally destroyed. The loss is estimated at $5,000,000, but a much greater loss is likely to be involved through the complete interruption of all telephonic communication in the centre of Paris, as well as communication with the provinces and abroad. The origin of the fire is a mystery. A big fire in a department store in the Faubourg St. Denis yesterday did damage to the extent of $800,000.

GREAT WAR ON TUBERCULOSIS.

Washington, Sept. 21.—For the next three weeks the national capital will be the scene of such a crusade as never before has been witnessed against humanity's worst common foe, the white plague. It will be an educational campaign, world-wide in its scope, the ultimate object of which is to eradicate, if possible, from the ends of the earth a disease which, statistical experts declare, cuts short the lives of from one-tenth to one-eighth of the civilized population. Distinguished foreigners and noted American physicians and scientists and others who have devoted their lives in an effort to solve this problem will actively participate.

CHOLERA IN MANILA.

Manila, Sept. 21.—Fifty-eight new cases of cholera and nineteen deaths are reported for the twenty-four hours ended at 8 o'clock this morning. The infected areas in the city and suburbs are spreading somewhat. The army transport Sheridan, which has been detained at quarantine for several days, owing to the discovery of two cases of cholera aboard, has been fumigated and a clean bill of health has been given. The Sheridan sailed today on its way to San Francisco.

SANKEY'S LAST WORDS.

New York, Sept. 21.—An impressive memorial song service in honor of Ira D. Sankey, the evangelist singer, who died Aug. 13 last, took place last night in the Presbyterian church of the Puritans. Many of the late evangelist's favorite songs were sung. Rev. Dr. Young, pastor of the church, in the course of his sermon, said that the last words uttered by Sankey as he was dying were to quote the title of the hymn "Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break." The singing of this hymn concluded the service.

HASKELL GETS AFTER HEARST.

Says Newspaper Man Made a False Statement.

"AN INFAMOUS SLANDER"

Has No Desire to Bring Suit, But Simply to Expose "False Accuser Who Has Distorted Public Records"--Wants Committee of Editors to Hear Certain Evidence Under Oath to Silence Alleged Slander.

Chicago, Sept. 21.—Governor Haskell of Oklahoma last night gave out the following telegram, which, he said, he had sent to William R. Hearst:

"You are stating in speeches and press, in substance, that during the year 1899, when Attorney General Frank S. Monnet of Ohio had several cases pending in the supreme court of that state against the Standard Oil company, that I sought to influence him to dismiss those suits. I have said, and now repeat, that your statement is absolutely false, and that I never had any relations of any kind or character with the Standard Oil company.

"Our conflicting statements prove nothing. You, as a newspaper man, may, and should desire, a reputation for truthfulness; I, as a public official, demand that those who accuse me stand forth and make known their proof. You know that a suit against you for civil damages, or a criminal prosecution for libel, means long delay and affords your character of journalism a chance to cover your expenses before being called upon to settle. I do not want your money; I simply desire to expose you to the public as a false accuser who has distorted public records and manufactured statements for base political purposes.

"For the purpose of forever settling this infamous slander which you are circulating in your newspapers and on the stump, I now propose that a committee of five, or any three of them, composed of the editors of the Springfield, Mass., Republican, the Chicago Journal, the New York World, the Indianapolis News and the St. Louis Republic, be selected to hear you and me under oath and all other evidence they may desire as to the truth or falsity of your charge, at the earliest possible moment, and render their decision to the public in writing.

"Should this committee find your charges sustained, I will withdraw from all connection with the present presidential campaign. Should the verdict be against you, as I know it will, there need be no other penalty than the public contempt due every assassin of character."

FORAKER DROPS OUT.

Cincinnati, Sept 21.—Senator Joseph B. Foraker has canceled all of his speaking engagements in the national campaign. As to Foraker's senatorial candidacy, The Associated Press is authorized to state his position as follows:

"Senator Foraker will leave the decision of his success or failure to the legislature, but will do all in his power to see that a Republican legislature is elected."

In addition to this information, Foraker told his friends that he should, at the proper and convenient opportunity, make a speech in answer to the Hearst charges and in defense of himself, and then would campaign the entire state in behalf of his senatorial candidacy, but under the jurisdiction of no political committee.

SHAH PROCRASTINATES.

London, Sept. 21.—A dispatch to The Times from Teheran says that the Shah has replied to the Anglo-Russian note which was presented to him on Sept. 5, calling his attention to the disturbances in the provinces and the danger entailed to the lives and property of foreigners in Tabriz, and urgently recommending the shah to issue his promised proclamation ordering elections that the assembly might meet in November. The contents of the shah's reply are not disclosed, but it is understood that his answer is not satisfactory.

TWO RIOTERS KILLED.

Vienna, Sept. 21.—Anti German demonstrations at Laibach, in which a large body of Slavonians have been taking part for several evenings, culminated last night in an attack upon the police. Finally the police fired a volley, killing two of the rioters and wounding four. They then charged the crowds with drawn sabres and succeeded in putting them to flight.

FATAL AUTO SMASHUP.

Buffalo, Sept. 21.—Mrs. Stephen R. Lee, wife of Assistant Secretary Lee of the Erie County bank, was killed and her husband fatally injured last night in a collision between their automobile and a freight train. Lee's skull is fractured.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

John T. Burke, aged 20, who fell from a train at South Boyston, Mass., while riding on the bumpers, died of his injuries.

Charles McCann, Jr., 14 years old, was struck and killed by an automobile driven by Peter McGuire at Greenwich, Conn.

RESULTS OF BASEBALL GAMES.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

At Detroit:	R	H	E
Detroit	2	5	3
New York	1	9	1

Batteries—Summers and Schmidt; Wilsen and Blair.

At St. Louis:	R	H	E
St. Louis	2	8	1
Washington	1	5	0

Batteries—Waddell, Smith and Spencer; Johnson and Street.

At Chicago:	R	H	E
Chicago	1	4	1
Philadelphia	0	0	2

Batteries—Smith and Sullivan; Plank and Lapp.

	Won	Lost	Pct
Detroit	79	58	.576
Cleveland	80	60	.571
Chicago	79	61	.564
St. Louis	76	62	.551
Philadelphia	65	74	.478
Boston	65	72	.474
Washington	59	75	.440
New York	46	90	.338

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

	Won	Lost	Pct
New York	87	47	.650
Chicago	86	53	.619
Pittsburg	86	54	.614
Philadelphia	73	61	.544
Cincinnati	66	72	.478
Boston	57	81	.413
Brooklyn	47	93	.318
St. Louis	47	91	.341

NEW ENGLAND LEAGUE.

	Won	Lost	Pct
Worcester	80	41	.615
Lawrence	75	49	.605
Haverhill	74	52	.587
Brockton	66	56	.541
Lynn	54	70	.435
Fall River	53	70	.431
Lowell	49	75	.395
New Bedford	46	78	.371

VOTE OF BOSTON TO DECIDE CONTEST.

Pretty Fight For Bay State Lieutenant Governorship.

Boston, Sept. 21.—Tomorrow will be an eventful day to more than one politician, as the primaries for state, county and councillor offices will be held and upon the decision of the electorate will depend in a large measure future political happenings in the city and state.

The biggest fight on the calendar is that between Speaker Cole of the house ex-Speaker Frothingham and Robert Luce, the statesman from Somerville. Thus the contest for delegates to the Republican state convention to nominate the candidate for lieutenant governor holds the centre of the stage.

The Luce managers are claiming 770 delegates in the state and 125 in Boston.

"I shall have between 500 and 550 delegates in places where there are no contests. I am confident of carrying the lists representing as many more in the contests," said Cole's manager.

The Frothingham leaders are giving no detailed figures, but say that they will carry Boston and have more than the number of delegates required to place their candidate in nomination.

While other primaries are to be held later, it is well understood that the candidate for the Republican nomination for lieutenant governor who polls the biggest vote in Boston will get the nomination, although there are some of the Republican prophets who say that the next Republican convention will have "fireworks" galore.

JACKIES VISIT THE POPE.

Rome, Sept. 21.—The pope yesterday received an audience of seventy sailors from the American battleships Maine and Alabama, which are now at Naples. The audience was held in the throne room at the Vatican and the pontiff, who is always interested in seamen, men, expressed pleasure at their smart appearance. Each of the men kissed the pope's ring and received from him a medal. The pope thanked them for their visit and prayed that God would reward them with His grace. He then gave them his apostolic benediction.

NO LEASING OF CONVICTS.

Atlanta, Sept. 21.—Governor Smith has signed the convict lease bill, which hereafter prohibits the leasing of felons except by the consent of the governor and the prison commission. The bill was passed by the legislature Saturday after $25,000 had been spent in an extra session that lasted nearly a month. The new law does away with a system which had been in existence since 1865.

BRITISH CONSUL RESIGNS.

Boston, Sept. 21.—Captain William Wyndham, British consul at the port of Boston since March 1, 1901, has tendered his resignation, to take effect Dec. 15. Wyndham, who is 67 years of age entered upon his career in diplomacy in 1880. No reason is given for his retirement.

BOY RAN OFF ROOF.

Boston, Sept. 21. While endeavoring to raise his kite in the air from the roof of 84 Prince street, Guiseppi Sommerso, an Italian lad, aged 10, ran off the roof of the building and fell to his death to the sidewalk, five stories below.

THE WEATHER.

Alexandria, Tuesday, Sept. 22.
Sun rises 5:22; sets 5:52
Moon rises 2:18 a. m.
High water 9:15 a. m.; 9:39 p. m.

Time was then will be fair and warmer in New England.

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Portland Division. To Portland, the gateway to the Nation's Playgrounds; To Old Orchard, Poland Spring, Sebago Lake, the Islands of Casco Bay and the White Mountains, Western Maine and Canadian Resorts.

Kennebec Division. To Bath, Popham Beach, Augusta, Landings on the Kennebec River, the Inland Resorts of Sheepscot Bay, unsurpassed for this or any other country, and the Lake and Forest Resorts of Central Maine.

International Division. To Portland, Lubec, Eastport, and the Inland Lake and Mountain Resorts of Eastern Maine, St. John, N. B., and the entire Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton Island and Newfoundland.

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TELEPHONES

EDITORIAL — — — — — — 28

BUSINESS — — — — — —37

Entered at the Portsmouth, N. H. Postoffice as second class mail matter.

For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests.

SEPTEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

OUR CANDIDATES:

FOR PRESIDENT

WILLIAM H. TAFT

of Ohio.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT

James S. Sherman

of New York.

MONDAY, SEPT. 21, 1908.

TWO THINGS NOTABLE

Two notable things are mentioned in connection with the recent Republican state convention.

First the pleased manner with which all the delegates accepted the nomination. Mr. Quinby had been the second choice of nearly all and many of those who personally preferred one of the other candidates were agreed that he would not only be acceptable but would promote good feeling within the party.

The other notable thing was the success of Portsmouth's mayor as presiding officer. It was a difficult position to fill, and many able men have in years past been overwhelmed by the forces that surge through a convention. Mr. Hackett was an ideal presiding officer and every delegate realized that it was no use to try tricks while he stood at the chairman's stand.

Vigorous, well voiced, not wanting to talk himself or to meddle in the work of the delegates on the floor, absolutely fair in all his rulings and giving them promptly and in a way that everybody could clearly hear and understand, while he was thoroughly good-natured all the time, it is no wonder that everybody went home well inclined toward him.

The whole Republican party of New Hampshire feels enthusiastic over the nomination of Mr. Quinby.

It is among the possibilities that similar feelings will be entertained next year toward Candidate Hackett.

BIRDS' EYE VIEWS.

Berlin is to close St. Louis Hospital on account of lack of financial support.

The bell boys at the Eagle hotel, Concord, postponed their strike until after the Republican State convention. Can it be possible that a prospect of tips influenced them?

Neighbor Averill of the Sanford Tribune will be running a daily paper pretty soon if he keeps up his present gait. He got out an election special last Tuesday at six o'clock in the morning with the complete vote of every town in York County and the news of the election in the whole state. This special also contained a good story of the big fire of early Tuesday morning at Saco. We have filed a copy of that special paper in our library for use when any question arises in regard to York County politics and the Maine State election of 1908.

The Canadians have decided on an innovation in the matter of holidays by determining to celebrate their Thanksgiving on Monday hereafter, instead of on Thursday, as has been customary for many years. The argument back of this decision is that Monday makes a better holiday than Thursday because it follows a day of rest and, counting it with Saturday and Sunday, makes a three day vacation for the school children, thus giving more opportunity for family reunions and holiday excursions. It is urged, too, that it will interfere less with the commercial affairs than if observed on Thursday, just as Labor day causes less dislocation of industrial affairs than would be the case were it observed in the mid-week instead of on Monday.

Cranberries are fine on the New England bogs this year, but there is reported a shortage of the crop in the western states. Lay in a stock for Thanksgiving.

The paper makers' strike at Franklin is the big topic of conversation in that city.

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Emery family Association will be held at St. John's Hall, West Newberry, Mass., on Tuesday, September 29, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

OUR EXCHANGES

Maine Is Watching Us

The Republicans of New Hampshire in their platform call for the appointment of an assistant attorney general whose business it shall be to act under the direction of the attorney general in the strict enforcement of the liquid laws.

This goes to show that even a local option system of dealing with the liquor problem does not solve all the evils in connection therewith. Apparently New Hampshire towns which have voted not to license saloons find that the contraband is sold within their borders. The Republicans urge that "every possible legal safeguard be provided to protect the expressed will of those communities which vote for no license." In other words, complaint is made in New Hampshire that after a town has voted to forbid the sale of liquor within its borders there are unscrupulous persons who do not hesitate to violate the law.

New Hampshire in a sense follows the lead of Maine when it comes to the discussion of means to put a stop to the evil. If the local option law is violated, appoint additional prosecuting officers. If that doesn't work, raise a Sturgis Commission.

The New Hampshire experience shows that as long as men have an appetite for liquor there will be violations of laws designed to prevent or regulate its sale.

On the other hand, because the local option law has been disregarded in New Hampshire, it does not follow that local option law might not work better than a prohibitory law. Each law would be violated. The question is which on the whole, would best tend to the promotion of the well being of the community. That point on which observers differ and it is a point which is likely to be heard much of in Maine in the next few years.—Portland Advertiser.

The Pierce Statue Proposal

It is more than two generations since Franklin Pierce was President of the United States, and nearly forty years have passed since his death. And yet the Republicans up in New Hampshire seem to think that a monument erected now to the only President that state has ever had would be at least a generation too early, if it is ever to be erected at all. They are not all as magnanimous as the Hon. William E. Chandler.—Boston Herald.

The News Was Gratifying

It is very gratifying to a large number of our people to learn that Hon. Henry B. Quinby, of Laconia, has been nominated for the next governor of our state and we sincerely trust he will be elected by a good handsome vote. It is true, Claremont did very little toward the selection of Mr. Quinby, as the delegates sent were either for Ellis or Pillsbury, but when it comes to voting for him at the polls we shall expect Claremont to give him a handsome majority.

In the Wake of the Convention

Rarely, if ever, has a better spirit been shown in the wake of a hotly contested political convention than that which follows the gathering of New Hampshire Republicans on Thursday.

The Quinby men are happy because their man secured the nomination.

The Pillsbury men are satisfied because the platform declares for those principles to which they have claimed [illegible] right.

The Ellis men are content because they believe that their leader has put himself in line for early promotion. All are united for the party, and all, at the meeting for the organization of the Republican League club of the state, have supplemented the convention action to make the Quinby nomination unanimous with a ringing declaration pledging the support of the newly organized body of the state ticket.

There need be no misgivings as to the candidate. He stands on the platform. Beyond its pledges he has no other obligation; and his determination and promise to conduct himself in the governorship in such manner as to promote the interests of the whole people are reinforced by a life-long record of sincerity. No cleaner man ever solicited the suffrage of our people.

He owes his nomination chiefly to himself. He campaigned for the honor man-fashion. He went in person to the voters, he rode thousands of miles across-country and saw the people in their homes. He looked them in the face, he had his say, he convinced them of his sincerity and his high purpose. Though their conviction came their support, and his tremendous lead in the convention was due absolutely to the fact that behind his candidacy was a supporting body of public sentiment in favor of Quinby the man, which needed no collateral aid to make his candidacy successful.

Mr. Quinby was not the "railroad candidate," as everybody knows who has been familiar with the campaign attitude of the most eminent railroad men in the state. His entrance to the race was brought about by men in no sense connected with the railroad or its machine, men, indeed, who were more instrumental in securing the progressive declarations which the party made two years ago than any of those who have sought to capitalize reform for their personal benefit. For years he has been in the minds of thousands of Republicans as a man for whom the governorship waited if he ever decided to start for it. In 1887 he was in the legislature, in 1889 in the senate, in 1891 in the council. Had he then sought to take the next step of promotion to the governor's chair he would have gone on practically unopposed and all the people would have rejoiced to have so clean and capable a man for their chief magistrate.

The Henry B. Quinby of those years is the Henry B. Quinby of today—straightforward, sincere, courageous, clean, sagacious, honest and devoted; and we have no misgivings as to his canvass from now to election day. He will be a leader in truth. Those who took him for "ringing declarations" in favor of the platform pledges have but to turn to his speech of acceptance to find the first of what we venture to say will be a series of utterances by a candidate of such unmistakable firmness as rarely been heard in New Hampshire.

"Whoever," said Senator Gallinger, amid the cheers of the convention caucus Wednesday evening, "is nominated for governor will be good enough for me!"

Henry B. Quinby is good enough for every man.—Concord Monitor.

It Was

Chairman Pickett gazing on the ballots, before counting began, "It looks as if it was a large vote."—Concord Patriot.

As Seen at Bangor.

The voters of Maine still favor prohibition, honesty and economy, though it goes without saying that the Republican plurality would have been [illegible] more than it is, had the Sturgis commission been put out of business last winter.—Bangor News.

Property in Fruit.

The moment the basket of peaches leaves the store it is property and the stealer is a thief; but so long as the fruit is on the land of the man who gives a year to cultivating it, it's only peaches in abundance and whoever carries it off has judicial and public sympathy. The storekeeper, whose supplies are stolen, can forthwith go out and get more somewhere, but the fruit-grower must wait a whole year and there are not so very many years for the best of them. Apples, pears, grapes, peaches, potatoes and all the rest should have the same position that is given to dollar bills, or boots and shoes.—Hartford Courant.

Should Make an Ideal Governor.

It need not be said that the result is highly gratifying to Republicans generally as to Mr. Quinby's friends throughout the state. A successful man of affairs, of superior attainments and of upright life, Colonel Quinby has long been a recognized leader of New Hampshire Republicanism. He should make an ideal governor.—Exeter News Letter.

Bryan the Dodger.

More than once the Charleston News and Courier has asked Mr. Bryan whether, in the event of his election, he will attempt to do anything to disturb the existing condition of the negro in politics. The question remains unanswered. If the News and Courier will talk about the Filipinos, Mr. Bryan will be happy to accommodate it. He is anxious that they should have the advantages that others enjoy. He can intercede for them without jeopardizing his chances as a candidate, but the South is sensitive. Knowing the gun to be loaded, Mr. Bryan handles it with corresponding care.—Brooklyn Eagle.

MAINE TO HAVE SOME CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES

Portland, Sept. 21.—Maine is the first state in the eastern part of the country to adopt the initiative and referendum. Although there was little or no discussion of the proposed amendments to the constitution which was voted on at the state election, the amendments will be revolutionary in their effect. The amendment which was adopted was in reality a succession of amendments, because, to provide for the new order of things, it was necessary to do a great deal of tinkering in various sections of the constitution of the state.

Under the initiative end of the proposition, 12,000 voters may petition for the enactment of a law or the passage of a resolve by the Legislature, except a resolve that will amend the constitution. Such a petition when presented to the Legislature is in effect a command. The Legislature must pass the law or the resolve, or, if they refuse to pass it, they must submit to the people. The law may be one repealing a law already in force, as, for example, the Sturgis enforcement act.

The Making of a Law.

However, the lawmakers may amend the original measure as proposed by the 12,000 voters, but if they do so both the amendment and the original law must be submitted to the people at a regular or a special election. If the two are rejected at the first election because the friends of the two propositions are divided the one receiving the most votes shall again be submitted, providing it receives an equivalent of one-third of the whole number of votes cast at the first trial. If it receives a majority of the votes cast it becomes a law.

Under this new dispensation the Legislature still has the right to pass laws on its own initiative, but every law or resolve which it passes except in certain emergencies, can be made the subject of a referendum if 10,000 persons petition therefor within 60 days after the adjournment of the Legislature.

As Applied to Cities

Still another sweeping change in the amendments which were adopted last week is the provision allowing city councils to pass ordinances for initiative and referendum in local affairs. This must be adopted by the people of the city before it becomes operative. If they adopt it they establish the new order of things in their own community.

Now that the constitutional amendments have been adopted many business men in Portland are expressing themselves as fearful of the result. They claim that the law will be a source of endless trouble and great expense. When the question of taking over the water company's plant, involving great expense, came up for consideration, there was only a small proportion of the voters of the city who took the trouble of voting.

The new order of things having become operative at once there is expected that there will be a large number of laws proposed to the Legislature at the coming session.

BODY IN RIVER

Jesse Mills of Rochester Was Found Drowned in Salmon Falls River

The body of Jesse Mills, who disappeared Sept. 5 was discovered Sunday on the Maine side of the Salmon Falls river, by three men who were searching for him. Mills was a teamster for the Cocheco woolen mills at East Rochester, and was about 50 years old. On the date mentioned he left his home in Rochester about five o'clock in the afternoon, saying he was going to pay some bills at the stores of Warren C. Jones, James Hickey and Fred Huntress. Since then he had not been seen. Extensive search had been made and relatives in Maine and Massachusetts had been communicated with. As he seldom left home his family concluded he had been killed.

As the locality was under the jurisdiction of Maine, First Selectman Albert Stackpole of Lebanon was notified, and he in turn notified Coroner Charles A. Moulton of Sanford. Upon the arrival of the coroner the body was taken from the water, and on request of Benjamin and George Mills, brothers of the dead man, an inquest was held.

No trace of foul play was found, and the death was pronounced due to suicide, as Mr. Mills had frequently threatened to take his own life, especially when drinking.

SAILORS DEFEAT THE MARINES

The baseball team of the sailors from the Eagle and Paducah defeated the team from the marines of the Naval Prison at the navy yard on Sunday afternoon. It was a heavy hitting game and finally went to the sailors by a score of 16 to 11.

There were a number of automobile parties in this city on Sunday. All report the roads to be in a terrible condition for want of rain.

ENDURANCE RUN TO PASS THROUGH CITY

Will Leave Boston Wednesday Night At Ten O'clock

The much heralded twenty-four hours endurance run between Boston and Bretton Woods will be made on Wednesday. The start will be made in Boston at ten o'clock Wednesday night and will pass through this city, being scheduled to reach here early Thursday morning.

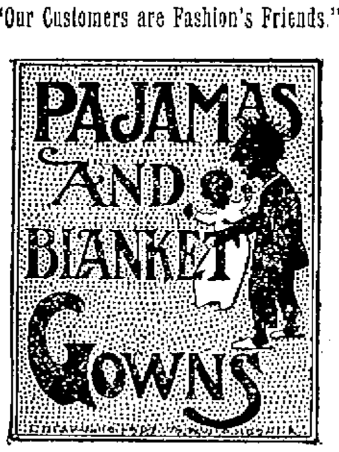
The start is made at that hour so as to assure the cars daylight for the more dangerous roads of the mountains. The first control or stop will be made at Rochester for gasoline and the next at noon at Bretton Woods for lunch. An hours stop will be allowed here and the start will be made back for Boston by the way of Concord. All cars are due in Boston at ten o'clock. Speed test for the cars will be restricted to a certain pace and over speeding will be penalized.

FLOATED A LONG WAY

John G. Tobey, Jr., on Sept 1 threw a bottle containing his name and address into the Piscataqua river from his summer home on the Eliot shore, the tide at the time running out. He has now received a letter from a man in Bucksport stating that the writer picked the bottle up in Penobscot bay.

It is Congressman Cyrus Sulloway for another two years.

"Our Customers are Fashion's Friends."



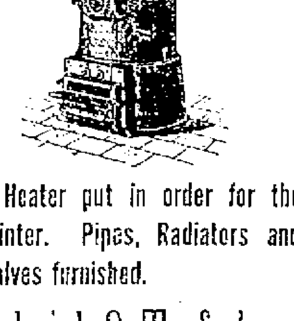
In one of our display windows is exhibited a variety of styles in apparel for your nightly trip to slumberland.

Here are pajamas and night shirts of many colorings and designs in fabrics specially woven for nocturnal comfort. Special values in boys' pajamas.

Men's night shirts 50c, $1.00, $1.25.

Pajamas $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00.

HENRY PEYSER & SON "Selling the togs of the period"



Your Heater put in order for the Winter. Pipes, Radiators and Valves furnished.

Chadwick & Trefethen,

Machinists and Steam Fitters,

11 Bow St., Portsmouth.

Want Ads. SUCH AS For Sale, Wanted, To Let, Lost, Found, etc., one cent a word for each insertion.

3 LINES ONE WEEK 40 CENTS.

LADY WANTED—Honest industrious woman wanted to introduce our large line of foreign and domestic dress goods, waistings, trimmings, etc., among friends, neighbors and townspeople. We prefer a woman who has a trade already worked up. Should be able to earn $25.00 or more weekly. Dealing direct from the mills our prices are low and patterns exclusive. No money required. Write us for full particulars. Standard Dress Goods Co., 100-7th St., Binghampton, N. Y. s19,1w

WANTED—Honest man with good references to travel State of New Hampshire, for well known Boston wholesale firm. Expeirence not necessary if willing to hustle. Permanent position. $60 a month and expenses. Good opportunity for promotion. Address M. B. Co., 307 Parkman Bldg., Boston, Mass. s19,3t.

LOST—A lemon colored female Boston Bull Terrier with white breast and black face, has no collar on. Finder please notify C. H. Paul, 24 Woodbury Ave., Portsmouth, N. H. S14tf

WANTED—A wideawake salesman with an acquaintance with the sporting people of Portsmouth. Good wages. Apply at once to H. E. Tucker of No. 13 Deer street. c,h,S15,1w

FOR RENT—Two desirable tenaments on Richard avenue. Apply to C. Dwight Hanscom, 9 Congress street, or telephone 289-4, 3 Myrtle avenue. c,h,S12,tf

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Dimick's Subscription Agency Portsmouth, N. H.

Telephone 247—3. S8,1w

WANTED—By Mass. Corporation, district manager for Rockingham county, also agents. Only men with good references and ability need write. Charles E. Saunders, Weston Bldg., Manchester, N. H. ch,sept.22,23,24

WANTED—To buy small second hand Cash register. Inquire at this office. c,h,t,f.

TO LET—Stores, and storage for furniture etc. Apply to H. A. Clark & Co., Commercial wharf tf.

FOUND—Set of false teeth on Vaughn st. Owner can have same by calling at the Chronicle office and paying cost of advertising. c,h,J,21,tf.

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as used in banks. Inquire at this office. tf

WHIST SCORE CARDS—For sale at this office.

FOR SALE—Electric motors: one 12 horse power, one 3 horse power. Inquire at this office

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle on all kinds of work.

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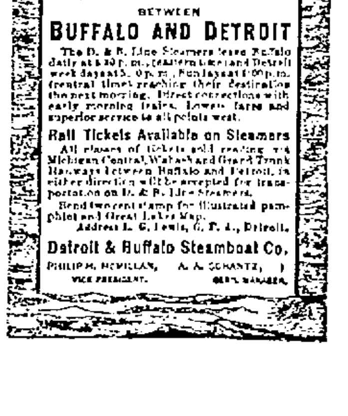
NEWINGTON, N. H., Farms For Sale

The Albert T. Pickering summer home, containing ten acres of excellent land, good well of spring water, dwelling, carriage house 18x26 ft. stable 2'x20 ft., all in good repair. Price $2100.00.

The Chas. A. Badger Farm, containing 120 acres of excellent tillage land, cutting 150 tons of hay and 50 tons of straw this year together with 100 peach trees as well as a large number of other fruit trees, a large dwelling, two barns, stable, carriage house and blacksmith shop comprises the estate. The property is situated near Great Bay, having a frontage of about ½ mile on the water and for a milk farm it cannot be surpassed, is splendidly equipped for such. Price $7500.00, $5800 of which may rest on mortgage at 5%.

Further particulars may be obtained from

C. E. Trafton, Real Estate Agent PORTSMOUTH, N. H



A LIVELY FIGHT AT COUNTY CONVENTION

Sheriff And County Commissioners' Offices Much Sought After

The republican county convention, which will be held on Thursday at Exeter, promises to be the most interesting fight the republicans of this county have had for years. The fight will come over the position of sheriff and for the board of county commissioners.

County Treasurer John K. Bates of this city, County Solicitor Charles H. Batchelder of this city, Register of Deeds John W. A. Green of Exeter and Register of Probate George F. Richards of Exeter will be nominated without opposition, and probably by acclamation.

For sheriff there are really three candidates Marcus M. Collis, the present sheriff and Ceylon Spinney of this city for the last eight years a county commissioner, and Robert Scott of Exeter who has been deputy for two years, and Sheriff Collis right hand man. He is a candidate only in case Sheriff Collis is defeated that is a candidate against Spinney but not Collis.

Both Collis and Spinney are very confident of the result, and predict that they will get the nomination on the first ballot. Spinney claims to have the greatest part of this city, and enough through the county to assure him of a majority of the 104 delegates.

Sheriff Collis on the other hand has held the position for ten years and has all the advantage of his deputies and the organization, and he is confident that he will show enough strength at the caucus next Wednesday night to make him the choice. Exeter is for Sheriff Collis, and in case he can not land, for Robert Scott.

Mr. Spinney has positively refused to run again for County Commissioner, and it is said that all three places will be open for new men. Mr. A. M. Chase of Deerfield, for many years chairman of the Selectmen of that town is one of the most promising candidates and he is said to be almost sure of the nomination.

Another prominent candidate is Stephenson of Exeter, who has the support of that town and it is said of this city. He has been representative from Exeter, and was a delegate to the state convention. This leaves but one position that is in doubt and that is for the commissioner from this city, for it is generally understood that this city is entitled to a commissioner.

There are several candidates, including John D. Randall and W. A. Hodgdon of Ward two, Frank Knight and E. P. Stoddard of Ward one, and one or two others who are hoping that their names may be mentioned. Charles Brackett of Greenland is also considered a strong candidate and he is considered to be so near Portsmouth that he would be counted as the Portsmouth candidate in case he was nominated. Mr. Brackett is a very popular man, a past master of the East Rockingham Pomona Grange and a capable business man. He has against him the local candidates and of these Mr. Hodgdon is said to have the call, in fact is said to have the majority of the local delegates. It is not all improbable that a new man may come up and win out, and the same might be said of the position of sheriff. In case of a deadlock, another candidate may be brought in and there are a great many through the county, who are hoping that the lightning may strike them.

There is very little hopes of anything being definately settled until the delegates gather in caucus on Wednesday night, when some idea will be gained of the relative strength of the candidates.

THE REPUBLICAN STATE COMMITTEE

Completed And Will Meet For Organization This Week

The meeting of the Republican State Committee for organization, will be held at Union hall, Concord, at nine o'clock on Friday evening, Sept. 25. The meeting was called for Sept. 23, but the date was changed to the 25th.

The following is the make up of the State Republican committee, the final returns having been received on Saturday afternoon:

Rockingham county—Albert S. Wetherell and Rufus N. Elwell of Exeter, Joseph R. Rowe of Brentwood, Warren Brown of Hampton Falls, Arthur E. Hoyt of Plaistow, Charles L. Pressey of Atkinson, John W. Kelley and E. Percy Stoddard of Portsmouth, John Torrey of Newfields, Walter A. Allen of Hampton, Frederick J. Shepard of Derry, Alvah H. Place of Newmarket.

Strafford county—J. Frank Seavey, Nathaniel Horn and Thomas H. Dearborn of Dover, Jeremiah Langley of Durham, Walter Bazzell of Barrington, John Q. A. Wentworth of Rollinsford, Frederick A. Wiesner and Fortunate J. Gagnon of Somersworth, Charles E. Washburn and R. Dewitt Burnham of Rochester, Alonzo L. Nute of Farmington, Malcolm A. H. Hart of Milton.

Belknap county—Stephen S. Jewett and Elmer S. Tilton of Laconia, George H. Saltmarsh of Lincoln, Edwin C. Bean of Belmont, Ellsworth H. Rollins of Alton, Joseph F. Smith of Meredith.

Carroll county—Edgar A. Stephens of Bartlett, Charles B. Hoyt of Sandwich, Robert Lamprey of Tuftonboro, William J. Britton of Wolfboro, Frank S. Lord of Ossipee, A. Crosby Kennett of Conway.

Merrimac county—Jacob H. Gallinger, Frank S. Streeter, Edward N. Pearson, Arthur E. Dole and George H. Moses of Concord, Henry M. Baker of Bow, W. G. Buxton of Boscawen, Henry C. Davis of Warner, James B. Tennant of Epsom, A. A. Beaton and Thomas F. Clifford of Franklin, Edmund E. Truesdell of Pembroke, Jeremiah E. Smith of Northfield, Hiram A. Tuttle of Pittsfield, John K. Law of New London.

Hillsboro county—A. M. Wilkins of Amherst, J. Elroy Perkins of Antrim, Samuel W. Holman of Hillsboro, Franklin Worcester of Hollis, Olaff Nylburg, Robert L. Manning, Frank L. Downs, Samuel J. Lord, Daniel F. Healey, Harry L. Davis, Edward H. Woodbury, Adolph Wagner, William Marcotte and Aime E. Boisvert of Manchester, John McLane of Milford, George E. Anderson, William H. Beasom, Fred W. Estabrook, Frank W. Mayward, Joseph Labire, Burt E. Warren and John H. Field of Nashua, Robert P. Bass of Peterboro.

Cheshire county—Albert Annett of Jaffrey, Waldo H. Perkins of Marlow, Frank O. Spaulding of Walpole, Granville Wardwell of Winchester, Charles Gale Shedd, Herbert E. Fay, Charles C. Sturtevant and John E. Benton of Keene.

Sullivan county—John H. Glynn of Newport, Fred A. Barton of Lempster, George W. Buss of Acworth, Frank W. Hamlin of Charlestown, Daniel C. Westgate of Plainfield, Edgar A. Noyes of Claremont, George H. Perkins of Sunapee.

Grafton county—George H. Adams of Plymouth, William D. Baker of Rumney, Arthur E. Davis of Haverhill, Isaac Van Horn of Holderness, George H Turner of Bethlehem, Ira A. Chase of Bristol, Henry F. Greene of Littleton, Edgar O. Crossman of Lisbon, Frank D. Currier of Canaan, Harry M. Cheney of Lebanon, Hamilton T. Howe of Hanover, William H. Dimick of Lyme, Moody C. Dole of Campton.

Coos county—Frank P. Brown of Whitefield, John B. Noyes and Oliver H. Toothaker of Berlin, Merrill Shurtleff of Lancaster, Joseph P. Boucher of Northumberland, Alfred R. Evans of Gorham, William R. Moore of Stewartstown, Warren E. Drew of Colebrook.

DEATH OF MRS. CORBIN

Widow of Famous Financier and Maker of Great Game Preserve

Mrs. Hannah M. Corbin, widow of Austin Corbin, the noted financier and proprietor of the famous game preserves of this state, died at Newport, N. H., on Sunday evening.

Mrs. Corbin was born at Croydon, N. H., Oct. 23, 1832, and was married to Mr. Corbin Aug. 1, 1853, at Newport. They had five children, three of whom are living: Mrs. Geo. F. Edgell, Mrs. Anna Burroughs and Austin Corbin, Harvard '06. Mrs. Corbin also leaves a sister, Mrs. Stevens of Framingham, Mass., who spends her summers in North Newport and has a winter residence at 425 5th avenue, New York city. Four grandchildren also survive Mrs. Corbin.

Austin Corbin, her late husband, was killed on June 4, 1896, and was at that time president of the Long Island railway of New York, and proprietor of the 25,000 acre game preserve in this state.

THIS FOR YOU

There is only one way to obtain a clear Transparent and flawless Complexion; massage treatment makes the flesh flabby, the so-called beauty creams containing oily or other greasy substances, fill up the pores of the skin, preventing them from doing their work properly, and also induce the growth of a fine, fuzzy hair on the face. If you would have a face entirely free from Pimples, Blotches, Eczema, Blackheads and kindred diseases of the skin, get the following prescription put up at any reliable Drug Store and your troubles will soon be over.

Clearola one-half ounce, Ether one ounce, Alcohol seven ounces. Mix. Shake well and apply to the face night and morning allowing it to remain at least ten minutes, the longer, the quicker results you will have. In extreme cases apply four or five times daily.

The filmy powder deposits on the face may be wiped off after a reasonable time. Do not use any soap, instead wash the face with oatmeal and a little powdered orris root tied up in a cheese cloth bag, and no matter how bad your face is, or what the cause may have been, this will surely cure it. This prescription is perfectly harmless and can be used on the most delicate skin.

INSPECTING THE MOTOR BOATS

Collector of Customs Sherman T. Newton and inspectors J. Frank Magraw, Walter E. Loney and Howell E. Russell are making an examination for motor boats registered at this port for the enforcement of the regulations as to lights, bells and whistles. The same strict requirements applying to steamboats are enjoined upon the smaller craft. There are nearly 200 motor craft on both sides of the river. County Attorney Hobbs will also prosecute under the health laws those owners who fail to use mufflers on the Maine side of the harbor. The first case was at York.

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North British & Mercantile Ins. Co., of London and Edinburgh.
Williamsburgh, City Fire Ins. Co., of Brooklyn, N Y.
Old Colony Ins. Co., of Boson, Mass.
Frankfort Marine, Accident and Plate Glass Ins. Co., of Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, and (Liability Department).
Aetna Life Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn. (Accident and Liability Departments).
Lloyds Plate Glass Ins. Co., of N. Y.
Penn Mutual Life Ins. Co., of Philadelphia, Pa.
John Hancock Mutual Life Ins. Co., of Boston, Mass.
Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. Co., of Hartford, Conn.
The Title Guaranty and Surety Co. of Scranton, Pa.

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KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across the River

Happenings in Our Busy Sister Town

Various Paragraphs of Social and Personal Interest

Gossip of a Day Collected by Our Correspondent

Kittery, Sept. 21,

Mrs. Augusta Zara is confined to her home on the Rogers road by illness. Ethel Zara is still quite ill.

Harry L. Goodrich is in Boston for a few days' visit.

Harry Longstaff has returned to his duties at the Charlestown navy yard after a few days' sickness.

Roland Adams and Clara M. Hayes of North Kittery are to be married on Wednesday, Sept. 23.

Miss Harrold has returned to her home in Ohio after an extended visit with her brother, Rev. Curtis Harrold at North Kittery.

Mrs. Sarah Morse of North Kittery is at Mr. James McAndrews' on Badger's Island as housekeeper.

Mrs. Marion Philbrick and Mrs. James Philbrick were visitors in North Kittery recently.

Henry Lutts has his new home nearly ready for the finishing touches.

Mrs. Charles Zara of Lindenville has returned after visiting her mother, Mrs. Augustus Zara of Manson's avenue.

Albert Manson is confined to his home by lameness.

Earl Dearborn was in South Berwick to witness the marriage of his brother, LeRoy Dearborn, and Miss Whipp, Sept. 16.

Mrs. Edith G. Genthner of Charlestown, Mass., and her neice, Edith Gates of Portland, Oregon, are visiting friends in Bangor for a week, after a visit with her father, Josiah McCobb of Pleasant street.

Mrs. Walter Ball of Otis avenue is visiting relatives in Salem, Mass.

Mrs. Grace E. Ball has returned to her home in Lynn, Mass., after an extended visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hall, on Otis avenue.

Mrs. Dabsell of Waltham, Mass., passed Saturday and Sunday with her daughter in town, the latter being the assistant at the Traipe Academy.

Mark W. Paul has returned home after enjoying a two weeks' sojourn at North Conway.

News was received here on Saturday of the death of Miss May Northrop of Dorchester, Mass. Miss Northrop was the neice of Mrs. James T. Berry of the Whipple road, and has spent some part of many summers here. She has many friends who will learn of her death with sorrow.

John Dasher of Honolulu is the guest of Robert Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery K. Currier and Mrs. Yeaton were the guests of relatives in Newburyport yesterday.

Mr. Arthur Chesley and family of South Berwick have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Chesley on Gost street.

John Perkins has taken room at the Orman House, and Miss May Perkins is boarding at Mrs. Charles Duncan's, at Locke's Cove.

Mrs. Elizabeth Spinney has purchased a farm in North Kittery and, with her daughter, Mrs. Jefferson Maine, has moved there.

Misses Gertha and Hester Haines are enjoying a visit in Boston.

The funeral of Mrs. Ellen M. Leach widow of Lorenzo Leach, was held at two o'clock this afternoon, from her home on Newmarch street. It was attended by Rev. E. H. Macy, pastor of the Christian church, of which she had been thirty-two years a member. The interment was at Orchard Grove cemetery, under the direction of O. W. Ham.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Dearborn of South Berwick are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Dearborn of the Rogers road.

Mrs. Curtis and sister of New York are visiting Mrs. Luther Goolsoe of Shapleigh's hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bennett of Echo street were visitors in York on Sunday. In the evening Mr. Bennett gave an address before the Epworth League of the Methodist church.

Mrs. Daniel B. Cook is resting comfortably after a sixth surgical operation on Taursday at the Cushing hospital, Roxbury, Mass.

Miss Annie D. Hall of Kittery Junction has as her guest her sister, from Lynn.

Mr. John Glover of Portsmouth was a visiter in town on Saturday.

The next meeting of the local Sons of Veterans will be held on Thursday Sept. 25.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Chrstian Temperance Union of Kittery will be held in the vestry of the Second Chrstian church on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 23.

Miss Margaret Leach was recently called back to Kittery by the death of her stepmother, Mrs. Ellen Leach.

The town appers to have more than its share of sudden fatalities.

Samuel B. Cook has returned from a visit to Roxbury, Mass.

Mr. James K. Boardman of Echo street is recovering from an attack of appendicitis.

The Ladies' Circle of the Christian church meets on Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Frank Parker.

Mrs. Florence Richards of Hyde Park is in town because of the death of her aunt, Mrs. Ellen Leach.

Miss Cora Seawards was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Hattie Wentworth on Sunday.

Mrs. Chick is visiting her sster, Mrs. Arthur Keen of the Rogers road.

There will be a meeting of a special committee and others interested in covering the library books at the Second Christian church on Thursday evening.

Meeting of Auxiliary No. 8, Sons of Veterans, at Hayes' hall, Friday evening, Sept. 25.

Harry Perkins is a visitor at the Severance home in Love Lane.

Kittery Point.

The funeral of Capt. John H. Pruett was held at two o'clock Sunday afternoon at the Free Baptist church, Rev. V. E. Bragdon officiating. Interment was in the church cemetery.

Miss Jean Turnbull of Cambridge, Mass., is visiting Miss Elizabeth Thaxter at Cutt's Island.

Mrs. Hugh B. Scott closed her cottage on Gerrish Island today and left with her family for Burlington, Ia.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Ruge of Apalachicola, Fla., who recently purchased the historic Bray house, are registered at the Parkfield.

Austin Goodins of Kittery is in Hanover, N. H., taking the entrance examinations for Dartmouth.

Clark Wyman has returned from a month's visit at Poland Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton M. Seaward, who have been visting in Wolfeboro have returned.

Mr and Mrs. J. Walter Chambers, son Harold S., and little daughter, Beatrice, left the Parkfield on Saturday, for their home in Brookline, after passing the summer here.

Capt. Horace M. Seaward launched his motor boat Susie on Saturdy.

According to "Shipping Illustrated" of New York, the Chilean bark Yosemite has been sold in Brisbane, Australia, for conversion to a coal hulk. The Yosemite was built at Portsmouth by Tobey and Littlefield in 1868 and is one of six Piscataqua square riggers now afloat. The others are the Norwegian barks Aggelina (formerly Wilian Ross) and Aarvak (formerly Fleetford), the Swedish bark Zaritza (formerly Crown de Leon), the German ship Union (formerly Semiramis) and the Portuguese bark Neptune.

Prof. John C. Adams of Brookline, who has been chosen to organize a New England literature course at West Point military academy, was a former summer resident here in the Patch cottage. He is now assistant professor of English literature at Yale.

The tug Lester L. has towed several barge loads of coal from Portsmouth to Wood Island for the use of the life saving crew during the winter.

Tug Iva towed a pile driver to Portland on Sunday.

Sailed: Schooners Independent, Norfolk; Marie Palmer, Philadelphia; Ada J. Campbell, New York; Nettie Champion, Long Cove and Philadelphia; Rozella, Southwest Harbor.

Schooner James L. Maloy is bound here with coal for Exeter.

STATE DEBT INCREASED

Sixty-Two Thousand Dollars More Than It Was a Year Ago

The work of auditing the accounts of State Treasurer Solon A. Carter for the past fiscal year, which closed on Sept. 1, has been completed by the auditing committee of the governor and republic.

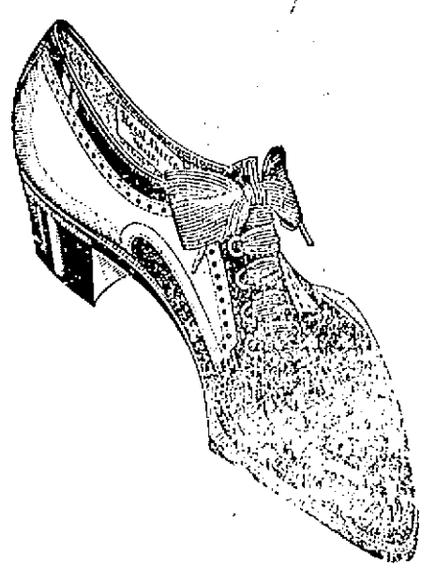
The figures show that the state debt has increased $62,705.68 during the year. On the first of the present month the net indebtedness was $1,190,858.87. At the same time last year it was $1,128,152.19.



You will find that RALSTON SHOES are in a class by themselves. Some shoes are almost as stylish, to be sure, but there are none quite so comfortable. Ralston Shoes do not even require "breaking in;" for they are foot-moulded while in process of manufacture. If you will drop in and see us, we will explain how the famous Ralston foot print lasts provide for absolute comfort as well as for irreproachable style. Just say "show me."

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The opening of this Regal agency is nothing short of an event for the well groomed men of this city. Never before have Regals been on sale here — never before have you been able to get the equal of Regals in footwear at anything near the Regal price.

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BAD BREATH

"For months I had great trouble with my stomach and used all kinds of medicines. My tongue has been actually as green as grass, my breath having a bad odor. Two weeks ago a friend recommended Cascarets and after using them I can willingly and cheerfully say that they have entirely cured me. I therefore let you know that I shall recommend them to any one suffering from such troubles."—Chas. H. Halpern, 114 E. 7th St., New York, N. Y.

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Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

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WITH RAPID FLIGHT

FATHER TIME KEEPS STEADILY ON HIS WAY.

Too Slowly in Youth and Too Swiftly as Age Approaches, the Years Pass Onward Until the Appointed End.

"The eagle and the condor can certainly fly some, but," said the man with frost in his hair, "they don't begin to be in it with steady going time.

"You see, the eagle and the condor have to rest once in a while, while time keeps a-plugging right along—there's something uncanny about the flight of time.

"And not only does it keep going so, but as we grow older it seems all the time to be speeding up; going faster and faster. You know how when we were young the days seemed long and the seasons interminable and the years without end? While now the mornings come and go and the weeks fly by and the years we count with little halt between, they go so fast; and what with my increasing years and the seeming quicker flight of time as we grow older I find myself now, for the first time in my life, in sight of the end; and this is a new and serious awakening and an impressive sensation.

"You see, when we are young, still on the upward slope of life, not yet to the top of the hill, the whole world seems to us yet to come and we advance to greet it joyfully, and then when at middle life we get to the top of the hill it spreads out all around us, and of the end we never think; but as we go down the other slope there comes, as I find there has come gently to me now, a time when we realize that our prospect is gradually but surely narrowing.

"To be sure we give ourselves every year we can; we are going to be long lived; not cut off at 70 or 80 or 90, we are going to live to be a hundred anyway, as we do not doubt; but even so we have passed the summit, we have lived the greater number of our years, and we are drawing now on the steadily diminishing remainder; and when that idea once strikes you squarely so that you take it in it gives you something to think about.

"But not to worry over, not the least little bit. You still have your work to do, haven't you? Why, sure, and you find in it and in every breath you draw a greater joy than ever. Life is mellower and riper and fuller of happiness. You don't waste time worrying over trifling things. You come to have wings of your own now too, on which you mount to take a wider survey, to see with a clearer vision, and you come back to your own corner with a contentment you never had before, a kinder charity.

"Life is pleasant on this slope, very pleasant; but I do wish I could invent some sort of brake to check the flight of time. Talk about eagles and condors! They are not in it for flying with time!"

Couldn't Scare Them.

A Denver man who rents his motor car by the trip or hour was seated in the machine with a friend, waiting for business, on a downtown corner the other afternoon, when a young couple from the country came up. It was plain to be seen they were bride and groom. The young man from the country said they had just arrived from central Kansas and wanted to see Denver. He arranged for the motor car man to take them for an hour's trip and paid the charges in advance. The country couple took the back seat. The driver's friend sat in the front seat with him.

"I'm going to have some fun," said the driver in a low tone to his friend. "I'm going to run fast and scare those hayseeds."

He ran to the east edge of town and then let the machine out to the limit. It rocked and jumped till the driver's friend became alarmed.

"Say," he said, "you'd better ease up on it or you'll kill us all."

"Look around and see if the bride and groom are scared," was the reply.

Before the other man could turn and look the Kansas farmer touched the driver on the shoulder.

"Hey, feller," he said, "here's another dollar. Make her run fast, will you?"—Denver Post.

Keeping Account.

Congressman Champ Clark has a story of a Kansas City lawyer, lately deceased, which illustrates the difficulties of achieving a saving sense of economy.

It had occurred to the lawyer shortly before his death to buy a memorandum book wherein he would jot down the items of his daily expenditure, thus enabling him to compare notes from day to day, and so learn to regulate his disbursements.

The book was bought, and after the lawyer's death, his executors, going over his effects, came across it. One of them, interested to ascertain how far his friend had been successful in regulating his expenses, opened the book, only to find themselves the sole item:

"To one memorandum book, 25 cents."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Kindness and Cheerfulness.

Kindness is contagious. The spirit of harmony trickles down by a thousand secret channels into the inmost recesses of the household life. It is hard to be angry in the presence of imperturbable good nature. It is well nigh impossible to be morose in the face of a cheerful and generous helpfulness.—Henry Van Dyke.

MORTALITY DUE TO NEGLECT.

Heavy Losses of Live Stock That Might Easily Be Prevented.

From authoritative reports by government officials it appears that some 2,657,021 cattle die in the United States annually from disease and exposure—most of them from neglect. From the same source it is also ascertained that the loss of sheep from the same causes is as great. These figures only serve to show what a wasteful people we are. One of the excuses the beef trust makes for high prices of provisions is the enormous death rate of live stock on the range and on the farm, most of it due to pure trifliness of the herdsmen and the grazier. Indeed, the losses by neglect and exposure greatly exceed the losses by disease.

It would be impossible to estimate the waste of farm products after they mature in the field; but it is enormous, some of it due to scarcity of labor, but most of it traceable to thriftless husbandry, or, in plain speech, downright laziness. One source of waste is imperfect cultivation, for millions of farmers persist in half cultivation of large areas when they would make more by proper tillage of fewer acres. Then there is immense waste in the disregard of intelligent rotation of crops. This is the worst sort of waste, for it means devastation of soils that requires years of provident tillage to replace. All over the east are abandoned farms that would today be gardens if they had been given intelligent cultivation. The farmer is not fit for his vocation who does not increase the fertility of his soil every year he cultivates it.

AS "BOYSIE" TOLD THE STORY.

Impression of Recent Show Retained in Youthful Mind.

He was eight years old and she was six. They were playing on the steps and their mammas on the veranda were listening. "Come here and I will tell you a story." Six-year-old obeyed, after the manner of women, and heard the following:

"Out west there was a man living on a ranch and his nearest neighbor lived on another ranch, three miles away. One day the first ranchman sent his little daughter, who was five years old, over to the other ranch to get some milk. After she got a long distance from home she saw some Indians coming toward her on horseback. She counted, and there were nine of them. She was very much frightened, for the Indians were riding fast, and were yelling, and she knew they meant to kill her. There was no place for her to hide or to run to. When she looked around for help she saw a cowboy coming from another direction. He was riding fast, too, for he saw the Indians, and he knew they meant to kill the little girl. The cowboy had the best horse, and he rode up between the little girl and the Indians and began to fight them. They dashed at him and yelled fearfully, but the cowboy killed six of the nine and the other three were so frightened at him and at the way he could shoot that they ran away and the little girl was saved.

"And," he added, impressively, placing his hand on his chest, "I was the cowboy."

"The result," murmured one mamma, "of having been to a show."

Satisfied with Her Work.

It was noticed that the woman devoted many more hours to microscoping than formerly. "I can't tell," she said with dreamy satisfaction, "how many times I have caught people, especially women, snap-shotting me recently."

"I shouldn't be so puffed up about it if I were you," said the brute of a man. "It wasn't your good looks that attracted them. They were taking pictures of your dresses, so they could copy the best points in their own clothes."

"In that case," said the woman, after a moment's visible disappointment, "I feel more highly complimented than if they had photographed me. Nature is responsible for me, but I designed my own clothes myself."

Come to America to Learn.

A Siamese girl, Miss Hilda Anoon Traa, has come to America in order to familiarize herself with educational methods for the ultimate benefit of her country. Miss Traa will start in one of the lowest of the classes in a school at Hartford, Conn., where she will take up kindergarten methods and music. She will spend three years in America, by which time she hopes to gain sufficient knowledge to return to her native country and open a school of her own.

A Consistent Cutter.

"Who on earth cut your hair?" gasped Mrs. Gunson, as her husband arrived home.

"A locksmith, my dear," replied Mr. Gunson. "Did you think a barber had anything to do with it?"

"Indeed, I did not," retorted Mrs. Gunson. "Judging from the shaggy way it has been trimmed I thought perhaps it was done by a hackman."—Bohemian.

Information.

"My wife told me to go to Bargen's today and buy a taboret," said Maryat.

"For goodness' sake!" exclaimed Dunley, "what does she want with a thing like that?"

"Why, what is a taboret, anyway?"

"Don't you know? That's what an end man at the minstrel show uses."—Philadelphia Press.

SHEEP OF NO AVAIL

AT LEAST FOR THE PURPOSES OF A NARCOTIC.

If Any One Doubts It, and Will Take the Risk of Asking Mr. Butterwick About It, He Will Be Convinced.

Butterwick had a fit of sleeplessness one night lately, and after vainly trying to lose himself in slumber he happened to remember that he once read in an almanac that a man could force himself to sleep by imagining that he saw a flock of sheep jumping over a fence, and by counting them as they jumped. He determined to try the experiment, and closing his eyes he fancied the sheep jumping, and began to count. He had reached his 116th sheep, and was beginning to doze off, when Mrs. Butterwick suddenly said:

"Joseph!"

"Well, what?"

"I believe that yellow hen of ours wants to set."

"O, don't bother me with such truck as that now! Shut up and go to sleep."

Then Butterwick started his sheep again, and commenced to count. He got up to 120, and was feeling as if he would drop off any moment, when, just as his 121st sheep was about to take that fence, one of the twins began to cry.

"Blame that child!" he shouted at Mrs. Butterwick. "Why don't you tend to it and put it to sleep. Hush up, you little brat, or I'll spank you!"

When Mrs. Butterwick had quieted it, Butterwick, although a little nervous and excited, concluded to try it again. Turning on the imaginary mutton, he began once more. Only 64 sheep had slid over the fence when Butterwick's mother-in-law knocked at the door, and asked if he was awake. When she learned that he was, she said she believed he had forgotten to close the back shutters, and she thought she heard burglars in the yard.

Then Butterwick arose in wrath and went down to see about it. He ascertained that the shutters were closed as usual, and as he returned to bed, he resolved that either that woman would leave the house for good in the morning, or else he would.

However, he thought he might as well give the almanac plan another trial, and setting the sheep in motion he began to count. This time he reached 240, and would probably have got to sleep before the 300th sheep jumped had not Mix's new dog in the next yard suddenly become homesick and began to express his feelings in a series of prolonged and exasperating howls.

Butterwick was mad. Dropping the sheep, he leaped from bed and began to bombard Mix's new dog with boots, soap dishes and every loose object he could lay his hands on. He hit the animal at last with a plaster bust of Daniel Webster and induced the dog to retreat to the stable to think about home in silence.

It seemed almost ridiculous to resume those sheep again, but he determined to give the almanac man one more chance, so as they began to jump the fence he began to count, and after seeing the eighty-second sheep safely over, he was gliding gently into the land of dreams when Mrs. Butterwick rolled out of bed and fell on the floor with such violence that she waked both the twins and started them crying, while Butterwick's mother-in-law came downstairs, four steps at a time, to ask them if they felt that earthquake.

The situation was too awful for words. Butterwick regarded it for a minute with speechless indignation, and then seizing a pillow he went over to the sofa in the back sitting-room and lay down on the lounge. He fell asleep in ten minutes without the assistance of the almanac, but he dreamed all night that he was being butted around the equator by a Cotswold ram, and he woke in the morning with a terrific headache and a conviction that sheep are good enough for wool and chops, but not worth a cent as a narcotic.—New York Weekly.

An Old Law.

The late Albert Pell, a conservative member of parliament, who devoted his life to the betterment of agriculture, the prevention of cattle disease and the administration of the poor laws, was a man of ready wit.

It is stated in a recently published volume of reminiscences of Mr. Pell that during an election he was asked if he was not the member who had made the law which commanded poor men to support their parents.

"No," he rapped out, "that is an older law. It was written by God Almighty on two tables of stone and brought down by Moses from Mount Sinai; and as far as I can make out, Thomas, it is the stone and not the law that has got into your heart."—Youth's Companion.

An Exception Noted.

"And what are you going to be, my little man?"

"I'm going to grow up like papa."

"That's right. You want to be just like your papa, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am. Only I ain't a goin' to kiss Bella behind the door an' have ma ketch me."

Honestly.

De Lush—Van Stoo isn't drinking any more.

McSesh—Gee! Has he sworn off?

De Lush—No—he's actually quit!—Cleveland Leader.

POSSIBILITY OF THE FUTURE.

When Navigation of the Air Shall Have Become Common.

The man from Mars checked his aerolite. He saw below him what resembled a huge rat trap. An immense steel frame composed of light rods entirely covered the buildings beneath it. The steel frame was of sufficient height to just clear the loftiest skyscraper.

As the man from Mars stared at this contrivance a section of it opened inward and he and his trained aerolite dropped through. As he alighted in the city hall square a man in uniform hurried up to him.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting outside," he said in choice Volapuk, "but at first I couldn't quite make you out. I'm the guardian of the sky trap."

"Glad to know you," said the man from Mars. "And now tell me what in the name of all that's wonderful this wire cheese box means."

"Why, that's our balloon guard," laughed the officer. "You see the airships and balloons got to be such a nuisance that we had to put up this frame. Why, they used to drop all sorts of things on us. Sometimes they'd drop themselves. Two of our best citizens were killed over there in front of the cafe by a fat aeronaut. They'd have airship picnics, too, and throw the scraps all over us. There was no use legislating against 'em—before we could enforce the law they'd be three counties away. And they'd hang shawls and overcoats over their numbers so we couldn't take 'em. Finally, when things got too bad, and the mayor himself was felled by a cheese sandwich just as he was bowing to the governor's daughter, we put up this balloon guard."

The man from Mars took out his notebook.

"How very curious," he said.

A Novel Bottle.

In furnishing information concerning Calcutta's supply of the various "soft" drinks, Consul General William H. Michael refers as follows to an improved bottle in use:

This bottle is so blown as to contain in the neck a round glass stopper, which is forced upward by the gas in the bottle and holds the gas perfectly. An expert can remove half the contents of one of these bottles, and by a shake force the ball up into the neck, and thus preserve the remaining half for future use. It is an ingenious device, and every way superior to the old-style corks. In opening a bottle a wooden, cup-shaped device, which fits in the hollow of the hand and contains a short nipple, is placed over and against the glass ball stopper and pressed downward. This causes the ball to drop down into the neck of the bottle, prevents too rapid escape of gas and foam, and, if only part of the contents is required, the ball may be forced back into the position as stopper.

Imaginary Necessities.

"Were it not for the thousands of people who are slaves to imaginary necessities we might have avoided the panic of last October," says a writer in Appleton's. "It was these people indirectly who brought it on. It was these people who suffered most when it came. The laws of nature are iron in their retribution. The man who is earning $20 a week and spending $15 does not fear panics. Neither does the man who is earning $50,000 a year and spending $25,000. Sailors who do not know how to reef their sails would be at the mercy of squalls. People who do not know how to cut down their expenses are at the mercy of panics. A certain rich New Yorker, who retired from the stock exchange recently, started business 40 years ago with three friends. When times were prosperous he could not afford to live as well as they did. When times were hard they had to borrow money of him in order to live at all."

Woman Tougher Than Man.

Although men, as they run, are perhaps muscularly stronger than women, their ability to withstand the elements and their reliance upon clothes places them considerably below the so called weaker sex in the matter of unclothed toughness. Women wear clothes for ornament; men use them as a protective covering. A group of men marooned, clothesless on an island in the temperate zone might be expected to die off in a month from draughts and colds and rheumatism. The health of women similarly placed would suffer little from the enforced exposure. The fact appears to be, therefore, that in everything but muscle—in vitality, ruggedness, character, disposition, brain power, etc., woman is the tougher, not the weaker, sex.

Disappointed.

The old countryman with the faded satchel stood in front of the side-show tent with a look of disgust on his face.

"What's the trouble, sir?" asked the oily-tongued individual who was telling the crowd about the wonderful wild man inside. "You look disappointed."

"I am," grunted the old man. "I heard that there was a crowd of barkers down at the side show and I ain't heard one of you bark."

Putting It Up to the Querist.

The next letter the information editor opened contained this question:

"What is the correct pronunciation of 'Irrefragable?'"

"Consult your unabridged," he wrote, and savagely impaled both the query and answer on the copy hook.

For somebody had carried away the office dictionary.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HANGED.

Man Who Has "Been There" Declares Sensation Is Delightful.

I will tell you how it feels to be hanged. At Fort Barrancas, Florida, on April 4, 1863, I was hanged as a confederate spy. I spent four minutes physically and spiritually between earth and heaven. Then a Yankee sergeant believing me to be the wrong man, cut me down.

My first sensation when the barrel was kicked from under my feet was that a steam boiler inside me was about to explode. Every vein and blood vessel to and from my heart seemed charged with an oppressive fullness that must find an avenue of escape. The nervous system throughout its length was tingling with a painful, prickling sensation the like of which I never felt before or since. Then followed the sense of an explosion, as if a volcano had erupted. This seemed to give me relief, and the pain gave way to a pleasurable feeling, one very desirable could it be secured without death. With this sensation a light broke in upon my sight, a light of milky whiteness, yet, strange to say, so transparent that it was easier to pierce with the eye than the light of day. Then came into my mouth a taste of sweetness the like of which I have never since known. And I felt myself moving on, with a consciousness of leaving everything behind. Then I heard the sweetest of music, and it seemed that more than a thousand harps led in each part, accompanied by myriads of voices.

And the sensation of coming back to life after I had been cut down, was just as painful as the first feeling of hanging. It was acute torture. Every nerve seemed to have a pain of its own. My nose and fingers were seats of the most excruciating agony. In half an hour the pain was all gone, but I would not go through the experience again for the wealth of the Indies.—Rev. J. T. Hand, in Spare Moments.

Disagreed with Osler.

Mr. Taft tells of an incident one night at a dinner in Murray Bay, Canada, at which there were among the guests Supreme Court Justice Harlan, who is upward of 80 years old, and Dr. Osler, the Baltimore scientist of "chloroform 'em at 60" fame. It was Dr. Osler's first visit to Murray Bay, and the scenery enchanted him. He was speaking of it with great enthusiasm to Mr. Taft and Justice Harlan. "What a blessing it would be if all men who have made their mark in the world," began Dr. Osler, "and who are growing old, past 50, say, could retire and come to some quiet, beautiful place like this and end their days in peace and tranquility, free from care and from the incessant pressure of work."

The justice had been listening to Dr. Osler with ill concealed impatience. He exploded at the question.

"No, sir," he roared, bringing his fist down on the table, "no, sir, it would not be a grand thing, either for the men themselves or for the world. Why, sir, the world would go to the devil—to the devil, if all the men over 50 were compelled to retire."

Long Flights of Birds.

Birds of passage make their longest flight somewhere near Bering strait. A naturalist says that probably the longest continuous flight made by the feathered travelers in their peregrinations is accomplished by some of the shore and water birds that nest in the islands of Bering sea and spend the winter at Hawaii and Fanning island, 2,200 miles away. As some of the birds live entirely on the shore and are probably unable to rest on the surface of the water, they must accomplish the whole distance in a single flight, yet they make their way to their destination with absolute precision. Among the last birds of the world it is likely that the Cornish chough before many years will have to be numbered. The bird is becoming scarce. The rook and the jackdaw are ousting it from its habitat. Curiously enough, in Lhassa it has an almost perfect counterpart, so that after its extinction has been complete it will still be in evidence to all intents and purposes.

A Gambler's Father, but Calm.

This is a really true boy story. The boy is the beloved son of an attorney in the Scarritt building. When not engaged in getting other persons out of trouble this attorney puts in his time helping his son out of difficulties. The boy is 12 years old.

The attorney was called to the telephone this morning by his stenographer. A school professor, a friend of the family, was out at the other end of the wire. "Passing along the street," the professor said, "I caught William in a gambling game—dice, 'craps,' I believe it is called. What shall I do about it?"

"Well," the attorney exclaimed, "if I were you I'd bet on William. He'll win."—Kansas City Star.

He Had Proof.

"I tell you, my boy, it pays to be good. I have reason to know it."

"Did you ever get arrested for anything?"

"No; but a lady to whom I furnished an excuse for securing a divorce from me afterward inherited a fortune."

The Problem.

"Do you think it is as easy to make a fortune as it used to be?" asked the ambitious youth.

"Easier," answered Senator Sorghum. "The problem is to do it in such a way that your friends will continue to speak to you."

THE OLD BROKEN RECORD.

How dear to this heart is the phonograph's singing!
What fond recollections my memory stir!
Sweet Jane does the winding and turns on the music
While I sit and tell her the tunes I prefer.
But oh, how it tears my nerve system to tatters,
Oh, how it deranges my comfort and bliss,
When Jane idly slips on an old broken record
Which reels off a song that sounds something like this:

"The old oaka-ka-ka—bucka-bucka-bucka—
Ir-r-r-r-r-r-r-r bou-wowlwow (crick ucket)
"—u—"" (crick, crick, crick—oucoo)
"Tha—hunk-k-k-k (b—r) w-e-l-l.

My stock of canned music I hail as a treasure:
For often when callers appear on the scene
And topics are scarce, it is truly a pleasure
To bring out our dear little talking machine.
The time passes quickly and everyone's happy;
The phonograph pleases till Jane, so remiss,
Forgets about winding the works of the treasure,
Which drawls out a tune that goes something like this:

"B-ree l-l-l-l-t eeeeeeeee—ver s—o
Ha-ha—hum—b-b-b-b-bl—e
"T—h—e—rerrere—s u—o
Pl—pl—pl—place l—l—k—e h—o————
—F. P. Pitzer, in Puck.

Different Names.

"I understand," said the old-time friend, "that you are gettin' right exclusive."

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "that's what mother an' the girls call it."

"What do you call it?"

"Plain 'lonesome.'" — Washington Star.

The Degree of Punishment.

Little Bobby had been persistently mischievous throughout the day, and late in the afternoon his mother decided to stop the youngster's antics.

"Bobby, if you do not cease annoying me, I shall send you to bed without your supper," she warned.

"Ma," began Bobby seriously, "would you mind telling me what we're going to have for supper?"—Judge.

A Mean Slap.

"Do you know that young man reminds me of your portrait."

"Is that so? In what way?"

"He flatters you so."—Detroit Free Press.

Sad.

This marriage game
We cannot brook;
Too often it's robbed
Us of a cook.
—Detroit Free Press.

A NEW WRINKLE.



Myrtle—Grace is a girl of ideas.

Nattea—Yes; she put flypaper under the sofa to catch her little brother.

Comfort.

There, there, little girl, don't cry;
They've changed all the styles I know.
Your merry widow is out of date
And so is the hipless figure straight.
But, there, little girl, I wouldn't cry,
You'll wear the sheath skirt by and by.
—Detroit Free Press.

His Fortune.

"They say you have a goodly fortune," said the political associate; "I hope your wealth is not predatory?"

"No," answered the candidate, "It's oratory."

Seizing the psychological moment, he sat for another smiling photograph.—Washington Star.

Impertinence.

"Would you be satisfied with an annual income of $10,000?"

"Ten thousand dollars?" indignantly replied the young man, who was drawing a salary of $75 a month; "what leads you to suppose my income is not more than that now?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Going by Contraries.

"In the commercial field you are a champion in heavy sales, are you not?" asked the owl.

"Yes," modestly replied the ostrich, "and yet I rather plume myself on being a featherweight."—Baltimore American.

Utopia.

Hobo—Durin' yer afternoon nap, Willie, you wuz smilin' an' cooin' like a t'ree-mont's-old baby.

His Pal—No wonder! I wuz dreamin' I had a job as demonstrator for a brew'ry!—Puck.

How It Was.

Beenaway—So he led her to the altar at last?

Staidhome—Well, to be exact, she pushed him.—Puck.

Boston & Maine R.R.

IN EFFECT JUNE 22, 1908

Trains leave Portsmouth for Newburyport Salem, Lynn and Boston—§3.25, §8.21, 10.25 17.10, 17.52 p.m., §8.15, §10.00, 110.40, 110.55 a.m. 11.42 11.78, §2.01, *2.21, A12.57, *5.00, *6.22 *6.10, §5.00, *7.27 p.m.

Greenland—17.52 §8.00 §8.15, 110.55 a. m., §5.00, 16.49 §7.50 p. m.

North Hampton, Hampton—§6.25, 17.31, 17.52, §8.00, *8.15, §10.00, 110.55 a. m., §2.00, 12.21, *5.00 *6.05, §7.00 p. m.

North Berwick—w17.35, 19.54, §10.50 a. m., *2.55 W5.22 p.m.

Biddeford—w17.35, 19.54, *10.50 a. m., 12.50, W15.22 *8.50 p.m.

West Kennebunk, Saco—19.51 a. m., 12.50 p. m.

Portland W*7.35, 19.54, *10.50, §11.26 a.m., 12.50, W15.22, *8.50, *11.45 p.m.

Dover—16.20, 17.35, §7.55, 11.42, §10.15 a. m., 112.20, §1.20, 12.42, §5.00, §5.22, *8.52 p. m.

Somersworth, Rochester—19.54 111.11 a.m., W12.20, W12.20 18.07, 15.30 p.m.

Wolfboro, North Conway—19.54 111.11 a. m., 13.07, M15.00 p.m.

Lakeport, Laconia—17.35, 19.46 a. m., 12.42, 15.22 p.m.

Greenland Village, Rockingham Junction, Epping, Raymond, Manchester Concord—1117.52 *8.30 a. m., 112.15, 15.35 §7.00 p.m. (To Sept. 7 inc.)

*Daily.

†Daily except Sunday.

§Sunday only.

A Express to Boston.

W Via Dover and Western Division.

N Newburyport only.

M Wolfboro only, except Friday and Saturday

H Monday only to Sept. 7 inc.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket offices.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
G. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

TIME TABLE

Atlantic Shore Line Ry.

SUMMER 1908

From Portsmouth Ferry leaves connecting with cars for

FOR Eliot and Dover—6.55, 7.55, 8.55 9.25 a. m. and every half hour until 7.55 p. m., than 8.55, 9.55 and *10.55 p. m.
*For Kennard's Corner only.
Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.
For South Berwick—6.55, 7.55, a. m., and every hour until 9.55 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.
For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and every half hour until 10.55 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.
For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach via Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55, a.m., and every half hour until 9.25 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.
For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach via Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every hour until 9.55 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.
For Ogunquit, Wells, Kennebunk and Town House—8.55 a. m., and every hour until 8.55 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.
Half hour cars between Dover and Portsmouth and York Beach and Portsmouth are discontinued.

FROM DOVER

For Portsmouth—6.05, 7.05, 8.05, 9.05, 9.30 a. m. then five and thirty minutes past the hour until 8.05 p. m., then 9.05 and 10.05 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.
Note—Cars leaving on the half hour run through without change.
Cars leaving five minutes past the hour make connections by changing at Rosemary Junction

FROM SOUTH BERWICK
LEAVE SALMON FALLS BRIDGE

For Portsmouth—7.00 a. m., and every hour until 10.00 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

FROM YORK BEACH

For Portsmouth via Rosemary—6.30 a. m. and every hour until 9.30 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.
For Portsmouth via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.35, 6.05, 6.35, 7.05, 7.35 a. m., then on the hour and thirty-five minutes past the hour until 9.35 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 7.35, 8.05, 8.35, 9.05 a. m. and continuing same as week day schedule

FROM TOWN HOUSE.

For Portsmouth—5.50 a. m., and every hour until 8.50 p. m.
Sunday—First trip at 7.50 a. m.
For time tables or general information apply to A. H. Foster, Pass. Agt., Portsmouth, N.H., or F. H. Kirk Gen. Mgr., Sanford, Maine.

NAVY YARD FERRY TIME TABLE

Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.15, 2.45, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, *6.00, ‖7.45 p. m. Sundays—10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays—9.30, 10.30 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30, a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.15, 5.30, *6.10, ‖10.00 p. m. Sundays—10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays—10.00, 11.00, 12.00 a. m.

*May 15 to October 15.
‖Wednesdays and Saturdays.

R. M. DOYLE, U. S. N.,
Captain of the Yard.
Approved: E. K. MOORE, U. S. N.
Commandant.

Only Human.

"I'm down and out," said Mr. Flatte, dismally. "I must move today if I can't pay my rent, and I can't. I have no place to move to, because everybody wants cash in advance. I have pawned everything I have; I've no way to get a clean collar, even, to take the place of this wilted one. I have a date to take Miss Gotsum to the show to-night, and I can't borrow a cent from anybody. I'd go and jump off Suicide pier but for one thing."

"And that is—?"

"That is that I have a deep and abiding curiosity to know how a man in this desperate condition can get out of it. I'm going to stick around and see what happens!"—Cleveland Leader.

All Beggars In Egypt.

According to Richard Croker, it is American money which seems to be keeping Egypt going. "Two-thirds of the visitors," says Mr. Croker, "I met all around came from America, and they represented all parts of the states. They provide the people with a living not only in the hotels, but in the streets. I never saw such people for begging. As soon as an Egyptian child is born it seems to ask for backsheesh and Egyptians are looking for money all the time."

THE MANAGING OF OBED

By CHAPIN HOWARD, JR.

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Mrs. Tuttle was sitting in the familiar rocking-chair in the kitchen. Her hands were clasped tightly in her lap, and upon her face, framed by the limp, velvet bonnet strings, there was an expression almost of terror as she gazed across at the tall old clock in the corner by the mantelpiece. She remembered her first glimpse of it, 50 years ago, on the day her husband brought her to the farm, a bride. She had stood in the doorway, in her wedding gown, her glance traveling shyly about the unfamiliar room, while the old clock stared back at her with its pallid, expressionless old face. From the same corner it had watched and ticked away the years while she had faded from a pretty, sweet-faced girl into a plain, unlovely woman, old before her time. Her jailer, she had called it sometimes, in the only words of revolt that ever crossed her lips, and she came back to it now with the feeling of a prisoner thrust back into the cell from which he has escaped.

She had been to the city for three days with her husband, Obed Tuttle, to visit their married daughter Emeline, and they had come home on the stage that afternoon.

It was the first time Mrs. Tuttle had been away from the farm over night in more than 15 years, and the simple luxury of her daughter's home came to her as a revelation. The rugs, the polished floors, the snowy, flower-strewn tablecloth, sparkling with glass and silver in the rose-shaded candle-light, the watchful, attentive maid—every detail had appealed to the starved senses of the older woman with a comfort that was almost physical.

That first night at dinner Emeline had told her she looked tired and over-worked—that it was a shame, since he could afford it, that her father didn't hire a girl. And her husband, a grave-mannered young doctor, had looked up abstractedly and added that he had read somewhere that nearly 20 per cent. of the women in the insane asylum were farmers' wives.

The words had seemed to hold for her a strange significance. The lean, hard-worked little woman had never considered the possibility of breaking down. The work of the farm, after the creamery was added, had grown harder with every year, but she had never complained. It kept her from feeling lonely since her children had grown up and gone away.

She rose nervously and lit the lamp. Then she took off her bonnet and set about preparing supper with trembling hands. She knew that she must speak while the sense of her freedom was still upon her. Once they had settled back into the familiar routine again it would be useless for her to struggle.

But it was not until the supper dishes had been cleared away and her husband, having [illegible] evening chores, had sat down to read his weekly paper in the circle of lamplight by the table, that she found the courage which she sought. She was standing at the sink, and she spoke without looking around.

"Did you thought anything of what Emeline said at dinner?"

He paid no attention, and she wondered if he had not heard.

"Obed," she faltered, "Emeline said she thought—maybe you could afford it—you ought to hire a girl."

The paper moved impatiently. "I guess we've always managed," he said. "I don't see no reason for changin' now."

Mrs. Tuttle drew in her breath sharply. For a long time she stood looking fixedly at the dish she had been washing. Her spare figure in its shabby black dress was tense.

"It's just like you, Obed," she broke out, "who help fill them asylums up with farmers' wives. I've worked and slaved for you in this kitchen all my life, and you've been gettin' meaner and meaner every year. If you should ever die," she went on, breathlessly, "I've got the text for your funeral sermon all picked out. It's in the forty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, the fourth verse. I've had it marked in my Bible most twenty years."

She closed her lips tightly, as if frightened at her own daring and, turning back to the sink, went on quietly with her work.

Half an hour later, when she had gone up the creaking stairs to the north bedroom, her husband laid down his paper and listened. Then he got up cautiously and, crossing over to the mantel, took down the worn Bible. There was a book-mark worked on perforated cardboard at the forty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, and the verse was marked with a double line of faded penciling: "Because I knew that thou art obstinate, and thy neck is an iron sinew, and thy brow brass."

It was nearly a week later that Obed first noticed that his wife was acting queerly. He came in to breakfast one morning after the chores were done, and found she had brought her rocking-chair out on to the back porch. She sat with her hands folded idly in her lap, rocking gently to and fro.

"Why, what's the matter, ma?" he asked, stopping in the middle of the path, milk-pail in hand. "Ain't you feelin' well?"

"Yes," she answered, looking dreamily out across the fields, "No, I'm just restin'. It's lovely, ain't it, this time o' year? I've always said the fall was the time for me. Breakfast is ready, but I guess I'll just set out here an' rest."

Obed went in, bewildered, to a solitary meal, and all the while he ate he watched his wife furtively through the open door.

For the next few days he noticed nothing out of the ordinary, except that he often caught her staring at him intently, and frequently the table was badly set.

One noon the dinner-bell summoned him as usual from the field. He came home wearily and washed up at the pump outside. Then he entered the kitchen, and stood staring. It was covered with pies. There was nothing else. Apple, pumpkin, mince and squash stared back at him. Mrs. Tuttle was cutting large pieces from each and heaping them hastily upon a plate.

"I thought I'd have just what you liked to-day," she said, smiling up at him as she stood back to survey her work.

Her husband stared at her in dumb bewilderment. There was a look of absolute terror in his eyes.

"I don't want no pie!" he stammered.

"Why, Obed!" she said, reproachfully, "you always liked my pies. I've made a lot of 'em. I guess"—looking at him wistfully—"I've made enough to reach from here to the asylum."

He turned and left the room, his teeth chattering.

That night at two o'clock he was awakened by the sound of someone moving about in the kitchen downstairs. His wife was gone from his side. He sat up in bed and listened. The sound had ceased, and an uncanny stillness filled the house. He got cautiously out of bed and slipped on his clothes. Then he groped his way to the head of the back stairs and listened. The door at the foot was unlatched, showing a faint streak of light. There was the sound of something being dragged across the kitchen floor. Obed shivered a little, and then began to grope his way down, one step at a time. When he reached the bottom he pushed the door open cautiously and peered into the kitchen, blinking a little at the light. There was a small hand-lamp on the table, and in the center of the kitchen floor knelt Mrs. Tuttle. Her blue-checked apron and calico skirt were pinned up about her knees, and on the floor beside her was a pail of water. Her sparse, black hair was drawn tightly back and fastened in a small knot by large, plainly-visible hair-pins. A few stray wisps had escaped and hung against her shrunken cheeks. She had paused to wring out her cloth, and her eyes, fixed on the blank space of the opposite wall, had the glassy stare of a sleepwalker. On one of her thin, work-worn hands gleamed her wedding ring.

"Ma!" said Obed, in an awed voice. "Why, ma!"

He stepped cautiously into the room and picked his way gingerly across to her, between the puddles. She seemed not to know that he was there, but shook out her cloth and, leaning forward on one hand, began to mop the floor.

He touched her shoulder. "Ma," he said, "be you awake?"

She paid no attention, but went on steadily with her work, her arm moving in large half-circles. He stood holding down at her for several minutes.

"Ain't you gettin' tired, ma?" he asked at last.

Mrs. Tuttle stared straight in front of her.

"I want ter leave the house lookin' neat when I start fer the asylum," he said mechanically.

He leaned forward. His hand shook, but he held the lamp so that the light shone full upon her face. It was set like flint.

"You ain't goin' ter the asylum, ma," he said soothingly, as one speaking to a child. "You go upstairs and git ter bed. I'll get Milly Pettigill in the morning. She can stay here right along and do the work. You ain't goin' ter the asylum—" his voice broke.

Mrs. Tuttle did not move for several minutes. Then, with a sigh, she rose slowly to her feet and, taking up the pail, walked unsteadily across the kitchen to the sink. She dried her hands on her blue-checked apron and hung it carefully upon a chair by the stove. Then she went quietly upstairs.

A fortnight later Mrs. Tuttle was sitting on her back porch after dinner, rocking placidly to and fro. From the kitchen came the reckless clatter of dishes and the shrill tones of a girl's voice singing. Mrs. Tuttle smiled uncertainly.

"I guess she's breakin' about everything I've got. But I ain't worryin'. No," she went on, her glance straying idly out across the fields, golden in the autumn sunshine, "No, I'm just restin', an' it's about time I begun. I'll have to tell Obed sometime, I suppose, but"—a quizzical look stole into her faded eyes—"that night I got up an' scrubbed the kitchen floor at two o'clock with him standin' by holdin' of the lamp—well, it's the first real hilarious time I've had in 30 years!"

Disappointed.

"Your interview was an entire success," said the admiring friend.

"I don't know about that," answered the statesman.

"But there wasn't a single misstatement!"

"That's just it. There's nothing for me to deny, and consequently the discussion is so quiet that I get little or no celebrity out of it."

Cause for Optimism.

We have often observed that the optimists hold down pretty good jobs. Perhaps that's why they are.

The House That Jill Built

By JON MARK LEMON

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

I met him by accident in a restaurant and before we had gotten half through with our dinner we were exchanging confidences. When the conversation turned to marriage he began telling me of his inventive wife, Jill.

"She built the house we are living in herself. That is, she invented it and had it built after her own designs. She certainly is a genius," he added, with a true glow of pride.

"A woman invent a whole dwelling house!" I exclaimed. "I'd like to see it."

"Yes, Jill invented it all herself, and it's got patent applied for stamped over the entrance. She is somewhere in the city now, starting a company. I saw her on the street, but she was too busy to stop."

There was a naivete about the man that disarmed contempt, and when he invited me to come out some evening and see the house that Jill had built I gladly accepted his invitation.

I took a Saturday evening for my purpose and found the address after a single inquiry of a suburban urchin, who volunteered the information that Mr. Patent Applied For lived at the address, as that was the "name" over the door. The house stood apart at the end of the street, and while of only a story-and-a-half, it was substantially built and architecturally pleasing.

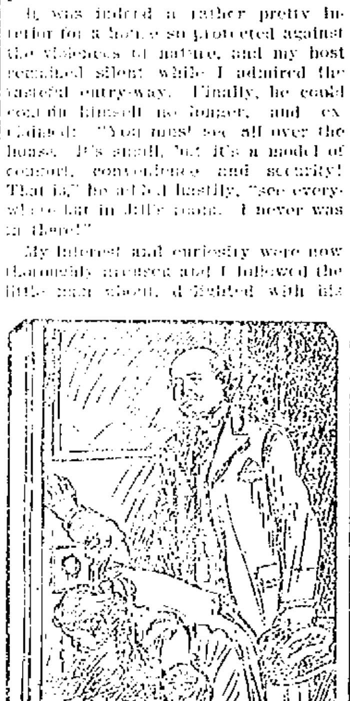
I found my late acquaintance at home, and he greeted me in an enthusiastic yet subdued manner. "Hush!" he whispered. "Jill is in her room thinking, and we mustn't be noisy!" He spoke as if we were boys, or rather as if his wife were a dynamite cap that would burst with the slightest jar. "See," he said, directing my eyes every way at once by a sweeping motion of his hands, "tis a very pretty interior, and one could hardly believe that such an artistic piece is fire-proof, flood-proof, earthquake-proof, lightning-proof, and"—he sank his voice to a back stair whisper—"tax-proof!"

"Tax-proof!" I exclaimed. "You don't say?"

"I do! That is, Jill says so, and while she hasn't explained to me just how it is tax-proof, she has promised to do so, and when she does I'll show you."

It was indeed a rather pretty interior for a house so protected against the violences of nature, and my host remained silent while I admired the tasteful entry-way. Finally, he could contain himself no longer, and exclaimed: "You must see all over the house. It's small, but it's a model of comfort, convenience and security! That is," he added hastily, "see everywhere but in Jill's room. I never was in there!"

My interest and curiosity were now thoroughly aroused and I followed the little man about, delighted with his



"Why, She's Gone Out!"

[illegible]

said that he felt like a prehistoric man living in a cave."

"You should be proud of your wife," I assured him; "and feel yourself doubly secure while sheltered behind the bright shield of her practical genius."

"It's the tax-proof-cyclone-proof arrangement that worries me," he explained. "She won't show me how it is worked, and I've pressed every button I can find and got myself in a world of trouble, but I can't come across that tax-cyclone button. I wonder what would happen if I should discover it and press it," he mused.

"You might prefer to pay taxes," I laughed.

He shook his head in a kind of good-naturedly ill-nature and I saw his eyes roam around as in search of some secret button. As we passed the third door on the left of the hallway, he paused and whispered, "That is it! That is Jill's room! She's in there thinking now, and she never comes out till some bright idea comes out with her." He stopped and applied his eye to the keyhole, then suddenly straightened up. "Why, she's gone out! I say, let's hunt together for that cyclone-tax button."

I waved aside the astonishing proposition. "You go first," I laughed, "and I won't follow. Your wife's business may be yours, but it's no part mine."

"You're right," he assented. "Something unpleasant might happen and then I'd be sorry for having got you into trouble. Come, I'll show you the Patent Applied For over the door, and I guess you'll just have time to get the next car back to the city."

As I walked down the road in the dusk meditating on the house that Jill built and its strange inmates, I suddenly began to doubt the reality of Jill. Perhaps the little man was himself the inventor of the patented house and had fabricated "Jill" as an advertising scheme, or else as a kind of silent partner on whom he might shift any unpleasant responsibilities. Or, perhaps, too close application to his invention had unbalanced him and given rise to this queer hallucination.

Yet the man was as guileless as a boy of ten, with none of the cunning of insanity, and, wondering if the patented house might not prove a pretty big thing after all, I paused and looked back, a little vain of my experience.

Had I found myself suddenly on the other side of the earth I could not have been more astonished. The house that Jill built was gone!

A moment later I was running breathlessly back down the road. Once I came to a standstill and hesitated mentally. Had there been any such place as the house that Jill built? Might I not have merely imagined it? Which of our experiences is so vivid as not, under certain conditions to seem a dream—a fantastic shadow thrown upon some inner consciousness? But my feet seemed to scorn the wild doubt in my brain and resumed their race down the road.

Bringing up directly before the plot of ground where the house that Jill built had been standing only a few moments before, I found merely a stretch of unmarred lawn.

I stared before me in deepening wonder, then wheeled about, morbidly fearful lest the house, like some unpleasant dead thing, was hiding at my back. But the house that Jill built was indeed gone! A kind of painful humor seized me and I laughed queerly. "He's pressed the tax-button, I guess!"

Suddenly I was conscious of voices. They seemed to come from nowhere, indistinct at first, but as I listened attentively they soon resolved into the sound of a dispute.

"You did!" "I did not!" "You did! How dare you dispute me!"

"But, my love, I did not! I was under the table when I butted my head against the button."

"What were you doing under the table?"

"My love, it would not avail me to lie, and though it would I could not do so gracefully in your presence. I was hunting for the tax-cyclone button."

"You found it!"

"Yes, my love!" There was a note of humiliated triumph in the familiar voice. "But had I known you were in the house, I would not have entered your room unbidden."

"Stand aside!"

I had but a moment longer to wonder from whence the voices came, then my brain seemed to reel as the center of the lawn before me stirred and out of the earth, belated by a score of incandescent lights and with all its shades open, arose the house that Jill built.

Stealing around to the side of the structure I saw my late host standing humbly in the presence of a magnificent red-haired woman, fully six feet in stature.

"The next time, sir, that you let this house into the cyclone cellar, I shall shut you in with it till I plant another lawn on the roof. Be warned in time!"

With a fixed mental picture of the dramatic scene, and no longer doubting the reality of "Jill," I turned and strode away.

Described Him.

A gentleman who takes a business view of things, when recently asked respecting a person of quite a poetic temperament, replied:

"Oh, he's one of those men who have soarings after the infinite and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."

If self-conscious, affected or conceited people knew how little people really trouble about them it would probably make them so mad that they would be effectually cured.

The Girl, the Man—and Cupid

By FRED S. BROWN

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

"I am going to marry you, if I have to take you to the altar in a cage."

There was no hesitation or stammering on Frank Clearing's part in making love to the fascinating Helen Rockwell. He candidly declared that she was the handsomest creature he ever saw.

"I want you to be my wife, not only because you are entrancingly beautiful, but for the reason that you are so sensible and sweet in disposition," he said. "You know it is frequently the case that really beautiful girls are silly. You are not giddy and foolish like many girls—"

"Please quit flattering me, Frank," interrupted Helen. "You have told me repeatedly that you think I am nice and all that, but when you declare so often that I am good-looking and sensible, you raise a suspicion as to your sincerity."

"But I do think you are the sweetest girl that ever was, all the same. That is, I mean to say you suit me to death. And that is why I want you to be my wife now, right away. Will you?"



"I Want You to Be My Wife—"

"Frank, I can't."

"Why don't you love me?"

"I admire you. I respect you."

"Then there must be some other man."

"There is—your father."

"What! Do you know the governor?"

"I never saw him, but that doesn't alter the case."

"Great Stonewall Jackson, Helen! I can't understand you. The old gentleman doesn't give a rap about whom or when I marry."

"Don't get in a panic, Frank. You know your rich and imperative father didn't care when your brother got married, but he took a dislike to your sister-in-law and made life miserable for her. I am not going to take chances of being subjected to the refined agony that your father can cause if the notion seizes him. We might as well have a clear understanding now, rather than when it is too late. Plainly speaking, your father, you know, can be the most disagreeable person to his own family that ever was. And the worst of it is, he does and says heart-breaking, soul-torturing things in such a polished manner that they are exquisitely cutting. It is a cruel assertion to make, but he did not spare even your mother when she was alive. Forgive me, but some lion-taming extraordinary would have to be done to guarantee the peace of any woman subject to the tantrums of your lovable parent."

"I know the governor is pretty bad when he gets going, but we can't kill him!"

"No, but he must be reformed."

"Let's elope and get along without him. I can earn a living for both of us."

"Be sensible, Frank. You are too impulsive. It is all well enough to talk about estranging your family for the love of a woman, but we should have respect for our parents and, besides that, you ought to take warning by the fate of others who have been rendered unhappy by marriages that have divided families. Look at the scandals that have resulted in your own circle of acquaintances. I am too fond of comfort to risk a married life that might mean drudgery for you and none of the gayeties for both of us."

"Yes, but, Helen, my dear sweetheart, that is not the way real lovers view things. They wed despite everything, and defy everybody."

"Yes, and often accumulate a great deal of genuine misery for themselves. Your notions are not at all up to date. The new way is the more rational, and that's my way."

Frank Clearing's father the next day received a call in his office from Miss Helen Rockwell, who was a model of neatness in her attire, and refreshing to look upon, so wholesome, radiant and beautiful did she appear, tastefully arrayed as she was. Mr. Clearing had never before seen Helen. In fact, he had never heard of her, and her visit puzzled him. At the same time, her appearance dazzled him.

Settling herself comfortably in the proffered chair, the perfectly collected young woman, without waiting to permit the old gentleman to recover from his apparent astonishment, startled him even more by calmly saying:

"Your son, Frank, vows that he will marry me if he has to take me to church in a cage. I have called here to request you to ship him so far away from here that even if he start back immediately upon his arrival at the destination you may select for him, he will have ample time to recover from his imagined infatuation. If I had thought it was presumption on my part to make such a request, I would not have come here. I am merely asserting my rights in a way that I consider reasonable and honorable. Your son refuses to listen to sensible advice from you or from me. Despite your excellent counsel and my refusal to wed him, he persists in imploring me to elope and become his wife. I do not feel that it is I who should be exiled, because I never did anything to encourage your son, but, on the contrary, have repeatedly pointed out to him the impossibility of our marriage on account of you. I have told him that by marrying me he might bring misery on himself and you and me. I have tried to convince him that if he risk losing the respect due a parent, he cannot expect the woman he marries under such circumstances to repose the confidence in his respect for her that every woman, other than an adventuress or fortune hunter should have. But all of my efforts are in vain. Therefore, I deem it the part of wisdom to apprise you of the actual state of affairs as they exist, before any further acts of violence are committed or a foundation is laid for a scandal," and, rising, Helen started toward the door, explaining as she went that she hoped the old gentleman clearly understood her and would promptly take measures to carry out her request.

She had almost forsaken the room before the astounded man could stretch forth a detaining hand and beg her to tarry a moment. As she halted and turned partly around to face Mr. Clearing, he advanced toward her, and bowing courteously, invited her to sit down.

"Give me a minute to think, my dear," said he. "Your extraordinary words have so taken me by surprise that I am at a loss to reply off-hand."

"You have told me clearly and concisely why you will not wed my son, so I need not ask you to repeat that part of your statement," said Frank's father. "I respect you for your amazing candor. Let me ask you 'Do you love my son?'"

"I love him too much to permit him to put his future happiness in jeopardy by contracting an alliance with me that may bring misery. I respect him too much to become his wife when I know that by so doing I might cut him off from his family. Frank is worthy of a leading part in social and business circles, but if handicapped by your enmity, the [illegible] disadvantage he would labor under would not be compensated by the possession of a wife who might [illegible] please his fancy."

"Does Frank know of your visit here?"

"Certainly not, sir!"

"You express fear of further acts of violence. I infer from that, that violence has already been done."

"Frank has whipped three young men who aspired to pay their addresses—"

"What! You mean to tell me that light-weight boy of mine licked three men?"

"Yes, and one of them was a big football guard, twice as big as he. Frank is certainly violent in his manner of making love. He's a whirlwind in affairs of the heart. If he put as much enthusiasm into business pursuits, he undoubtedly would make a glittering success. I told him that, but he fiercely declared he couldn't keep his mind on commerce because he was constantly thinking of me. He said that if I were only his wife, he would have an incentive to work like a good fellow."

"Is your determination not to go away irrevocable? Could you be induced to change your mind?"

"That is as far as you need proceed on that line, Mr. Clearing. Let me tell you plainly that you haven't enough money to induce me to leave this city, and, unless you really wish to insult me, you will not again refer to the subject of my absenting myself. I came here not to blackmail you."

"Have you any objection to telling me your family history?"

"Not the slightest, if you will explain to me your object in requesting it, in the light of the fact that this is to be our final interview."

Dear Miss Rockwell: I personally interviewed the [illegible] to whom you referred [illegible] a few days ago, and [illegible] impetuous son of mine don't annoy you, I will. If you will have him, [illegible] and he ever does anything to cause you unhappiness, I will wring his neck. As for myself, I give you this as a bond to do everything in my power to render your life peaceful and luxurious and nothing to the contrary in case you become my daughter-in-law. Yours sincerely,

I. S. CLEARING.

My Dear Mr. Clearing: If I hadn't met and chosen Frank first, what an honor it would be to become the wife of such a perfectly lovely gentleman as you are. Frank and I are going to be married, and I will not show your note to anybody so long as you are serene, but if you are real cross, I will let you read it. I know you will be the sweetest father-in-law in the world. Yours lovingly,

HELEN ROCKWELL.

"I reckon the new girl is too smart for the old man," soliloquized the senior Clearing, when he had read Helen's note.

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD

AGENTS FOR HERALD

Rockingham Hotel, State St.
Moses Bros., Congress St.
B. M. Tilton, Market St.
News Stand, B. & M. station.
S. A. Preble, South St.
G. A. Norton, Greenland.
W. G. Hildreth, York Beach, Me.
J. L. Holland, York Village, Me.
H. M. Curtis, New Castle.
Batchelder's News Stand, Exeter.
Wentworth House, New Castle.
W. C. Walker, Rye.
Fred Abrams, Kittery, Me.
Walker's Variety Store, Kittery, Me.
J. H. Macy, Kittery, Me.
Austin Googins, Kittery, Me.
Fred H. Marden, Kittery Point, Me.
Arthur Seawards, Kittery Point, Me.
W. F. Cousins, Ogunquit, Me.
H. G. Moulton, Wells Corner, Me.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

SEPTEMBER 21.

SUN RISES.....5:31 | MOON RISES.01:20 A. M.
SUN SETS.....6:11 | FULL SEA 10:30 A. M.
LENGTH OF DAY 12:39 | 10:25 P. M.

New Moon, Sept. 25th, 9h. 55m. morning, E.
First Quarter, Oct. 3d, 1h. 11m., morning, W.
Full Moon, Oct. 9th, 10. 3m., evening, E.
Last Quarter, Oct. 16th, 10h, 35m., evening, E.

THE WEATHER

Today has been pleasant, with a comfortable breeze lifting up the dust so that it glitters in the sunshine.

There is still no prospect of a hgeane of weather, and the drought is likely to continue the preparation of the landscape for the devastating by forest fires.

The two o'clock thermometer reading was seventy-two.

CITY BRIEFS

A very pleasant Sunday.

Only a few of the summer people have left.

The Franklin Pelree Vets will shine at Rochester on Friday.

Last week to view the Aldrich memorial until next year.

Have your shoes repaired at John Mott's, 34 Congress street.

The Fenberg Stock company will be the attraction at Music Hall this evening, opening a week stand.

Rumors of big changes in the management of the Boston and Maine railroad are flying thick and fast.

Corporal Fanning of the marine guard, attched to the U. S. S. Topeka, is one of the best athletes of the navy.

There is to be a baseball game in Boston between the old time professional players and the old time college players.

The motor boats registered at the local custom office are being inspected to fulfilling the requirements for lights and etc.

Several from this city went to Dover on Saturday afternoon and saw the Dover team defeat Somersworth in a close game.

The Portsmouth District Nursing Association has filed articles of incorporation at the office of the secretary of state at Concord.

Sunday was an ideal day for an outing. Although there was an east wind it was not very cool and the beaches attracted many.

The Herald was the only Portsmouth paper to give the news of the finding of Mrs. Winona German Nelson in this city on Saturday.

Beginning tonight the Fenberg Company will open for a week's engagement at Music Hall. Matinees will be given daily starting Tuesday.

The news of the sale of the Atlantic Telegraph company to the Telegraph company is confirmed today. This important news was exclusively published in the Herald a week ago.

The strong Fenberg Stock company are to fill a weeks' engagement at Music Hall, beginning this evening. The company has a strong list of players and a fine line of specialties.

Rev. Fr. William J. Cavanaugh was among the visiting clergymen who attended the ordination ceremony of Rev. Charles J. Leddy and Rev. Jeremiah Buckley at Manchester on Saturday.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet with Mrs. Frank Gardner, No. 37 Islington street, on Wednesday, at three o'clock. Some interesting papers will be read. Ladies interested, if not members, are cordially invited to attend.

CONGRATULATIONS IN ORDER

The engagement of Horace O. Seymour of this city and Miss Clara Alice Murphy of Lawrence, Mass., is announced.

TO REPAIR THE BATTLESHIP MAINE

At Portsmouth Navy Yard This Season

Fina Surveys of Henderson's Point Being Made Preparatory to Her Coming This Fall

The navy department has decided to order the battleship Maine to the navy yard, Portsmouth, and in that connection final surveys are being made of Henderson's Point and the approach to the dry dock.

The last annual appropriation bill provided some over $200,000 to remove and reconstruct the boilers and machines of the Maine. A movement was started some two months ago to get a battleship to be repaired at this yard, and the Herald is in a position to state that success has finally crowned the efforts of those undertaking the scheme.

The Herald has labored with certain prominent men in Maine and they have given their hearty support to the movement.

It is expected that the Maine will arrive here during November or the first of December.

MEN MIGHT HAVE LYNCHED FIREBUG

If the People of York Had Caught Him Red Handed

In addition to the York fire news on page one it is learned that the people at first had an idea that some of the work of the firebug might have been for spite, when it was confined to certain property, but doubted that when it reached the land of other residents.

The Herald is informed by those engaged in the hunt for this firebug that the chances are that he would have met death at the hands of the mob who have been scouring the woods night and ay since Sunday morning.

In the vicinity of the recent fires every property owner has a guard on duty and the women are on the hunt, as well as the men.

AT THE NAVY YARD

The marines from the naval prison take an issue with the scorer of the base ball game played between the prison men and the nine from the ships, which was played on Sunday, and which was claimed as resulting in a victory for the marines, by a score of 16 to 15.

As the Herald has strongly and constantly predicted, Portsmouth navy yard will shortly get her first battleship for overhauling and general repairing.

Naval Constructor John G. Tawresey has succeeded in getting $3,000 additional to the allowance for September to carry on the work in the department of construction and repair. His battle for this sum was hard and through his efforts the department is saved a discharge which would have certainly been the result had not he continued the fight for this amount.

Paymaster W. F. Gray has been detached from the U. S. S. Texas and ordered to this yard, as its paymaster.

Allan H. Robinson, stenographer in yards and docks, is passing a vacation at his former home in St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Nathaniel Whitehouse of the steam engineering department, while getting out from the boat of the yard landing this morning, slipped and fell into the river. No heros appear on the scene and Nat. rescued himself.

Portsmouth navy yard is badly in need of another ferry boat and may at a later date build the same.

The paint on the U. S. S. Castine is similar to the brand used on the ship's during the civil war.

Assistant Surgeon C. W. Smith has been detached from naval hospital here and ordered to the U. S. S. naval medical school at Washington, D. C.

The orders of pay clerk Thomas A. Henry as paymaster's clerk at this yard have been revoked.

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Develops in either hot or cold water

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MONTGOMERY'S
6 Pleasant Street Opp. Postoffice

PERSONALS

Mrs. F. P. Fosgate has returned from a visit to Concord.

Miss Frances Flynn of State street is visiting in Manchester.

Gustave Peyser and wife sail today from Germany for home.

Miss Hilda Hayes of this city spent Sunday in Newfields.

E. M. Fisher and family passed Sunday at Haverhill, Mass.

School Superintendent Ernest L. Silver was in Concord on Saturday.

Miss Annie O'Connor of Porter street is visiting friends in Nashua.

E. S. Merron is officiating as bass singer at the Middle street church.

A. D. Foster and wife were the guests of friends at Rye over Sunday.

Miss Katherine O'Leary has returned from a visit to Boston and Keene.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Scott of State street are passing a few days in Boston.

Miss Helen Laighton is officiating as teacher at the High school for a few weeks.

Hon. Fred J. Allen of Sanford, Me., was in the city yesterday with a party of friends.

Miss Mollie Newton has returned to her studies at Mount St. Mary's School, Manchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Akerman of Maplewood avenue have returned from a visit in Providence.

Harold Knowlton, who has been acting as manager of the Ocean Wave House, has gone to his home in the west.

Augustine Dondero and W. H. McDonough returned Saturday from an automobile trip to the White Mountains.

Miss Bessie Caldwell of Newburyport, Mass., is spending a few weeks with Mrs. F. J. Simpson of Bayside, Greenland.

H. B. Yeaton and family have closed their cottage at Rye North Beach and opened their residence on Middle street.

Shaw Newton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Newton, of South street, left for Hanover today, where he will take up his studies at Dartmouth college.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Benfield left today on an extended trip to St. John, Halifax and other interesting points in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Chief Justice Lucilius A. Emery of the Maine supreme court visited Portsmouth on Sunday. He came over from Alfred where he is holding court.

Mrs. L. L. Southard, who has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Lowe, of Miller avenue, has returned to her home in Southard, Okla.

Miss Nora Creedan of Newburyport daughter of the late police officer, Patrick Creedan, spent Sunday with her cousin, Miss Mary Soule of McDonough street.

Col. John Sheehan and Lawrence J. Harrington of Manchester were the guests of Fred H. Ward and Hon. John W. Emery at the Country Club on Sunday.

The marriage of David P. Rossiter and Miss Martha Elizabeth Ashton occurs in Malden today. The groom is well known in this city, where he has for many years passed his summer vacation.

The Rev. A. H. Morrill, pastor of the First Christian church at Laconia, had charge of the services at the Christian church, Rye, on Sunday. This was the church where Dr. Morrill was ordained in 1872.

Frank A. Ferguson and son Albert were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Leddy on Sunday, and were among the attendants at the first Mass celebrated by the son of Mr. and Mrs. Leddy, Rev. Fr. Charles Leddy, who was ordained to the priesthood at Manchester Saturday.

PERSONALS

Miss Mary T. Daley of Dover was the guest of friends over Sunday.

Arthur Farrington of Boston passed Sunday with his mother in this city.

Mr. Frank L. Soule was the guest of his mother at Newburyport, over Sunday.

Supt. E. L. Silver of the public schools was a visitor to Concord on Saturday.

Dr. F. L. Keay of Rochester was the guest over Sunday of Dr. J. W. Neal on Middle street.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hurley of Washington street are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter.

Mrs. Elizabeth Chandler of Langdon street has returned from a visit to Boston and Brockton.

Miss Alice Howard of Greenland has returned home after a few weeks' stay with relatives in Charlestown, Mass.

Dr. A. C. Heffenger will act as judge of the bench show at the fox hound show at Barre, Mass., next month.

Miss Nellie Morrissey, who has been visiting Brighton, Mass., returned to her home in this city on Saturday night.

Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Bragg of Cambridge are the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Byron F. Staples at their camp at the Country club.

Mr. Percy R. Jellison, of the Newburyport News, is on his annual vacation, which he is pasing with his mother in this city.

Mr. E. C. Turbell of New Castle was one of the players to turn in a most creditable score at the big golf meet at Salem on Saturday.

ELECTRIC RAILROAD DEAL.

Something in the Wind But No One Tells What It Is.

The Lawrence Sunday publishes a story to the effect that the Haverhill, Merrimac and Amesbury street railway has been sold to the New Hampshire Electric company, and that the latter concern will assume control of the road on Oct. 1.

General Manager Franklin Woodman of the New Hampshire Traction company, when interviewed about it, stated that he knew of no such transaction, and it is safe to assert that nothing has been done along these lines, although rumors about the purchase have been circulated from time to time during the past six or seven month.

CIVIL WAR VETERAN DIES

John McCarthy, a veteran of the civil was, passed away on Saturday, after a short illness. He was until recently, an inmate of the soldiers' home at Togus, Me., and since leaving the institution has resided in this city.

He served on various ships of the navy since the closing of the war and made his last cruise o nthe U. S. S. Marion.

He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Ezra J. Hobbs and Mrs. Bridget Smith, of this city, and one sister in Lynn.

RECEPTION TO PASTOR.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the Middle street Baptist church is to give a reception to the new pastor, Rev. W. P. Stanley, at the chapel on Thursday evening, Oct. 1. A musical programme will be given by the quartette of the church, assisted by outside talent.

Arrangements are in charge of Mrs. C. E. Hodgdon.

MARRIED HERE ON SATURDAY

Victor P. Hale, an electrician, and Miss Nellie F. Hatch, both of Rockland, Me., were married in this city by Rev. Frank H. Gardner, on Saturday evening.

The bride gave her occupation as a school teacher.

CHILDREN'S HOME GETS THE MONEY

Compromise Settlement of Disputed Bet on Convention

What was that political argument on Market square today?

That was the inquiry made by several people who passed Foye's store shortly before eleven o'clock.

It was just like this: Mac and Leslie made a bet as to the nomination of Quinby at Concord on Thursday last and when the result was announced there was an argument as to who won the bet.

Although they are both classed as game sports, when it comes to paying up a bet they have wasted several hours trying to convince each other just how it stood.

However, they met again today and the argument was as strong as ever to the great amusement of several members of the press club, and ladies from the dry goods counter.

Mac dug down in his jeans, flashed the roll, and to the old war horse of the Republican party, said: "Come on with your long greens. Never mind the new hat or cigars, let's send this money down to the Children's Home."

The colonel was on his heel in a minute and, digging down deep in that inside vest pocket he flashed the bundle and ripped off a few outsiders and handed it to the Herald reporter who was pleased to deliver the same to the Children's Home and to see the end of the argument.

They then passed the grip and the the olive branch is good in wards four and five.

OBITUARY

Miss Clara Roberts

Miss Clara Roberts, an aged inmate of the Home for Aged Women, died on Saturday night at the home, after a long illness. She was 87 years, 4 months and 22 days old.

Mrs. John E. Small

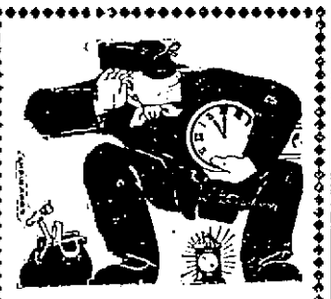
Mrs. Emily R. Small, wife of Railroad Conductor John E. Small, died this morning at their home, No. 25A Deer street. She had been a great sufferer the last few months.

The husband and one daughter survive.

ARRIVED IN BOSTON.

John Thomas Blackwell, the former negro slave, aged eighty-four years, who recently went through Portsmouth on his way south, arrived in Boston on Saturday. He is old and feeble and only makes five or six miles a day.

He has spent thirty years in walking over the United States and Canada, trying to find relatives from whom he was separated at the time of the Civil War, and never found them. Giving up the search last May, at St. John, N. B., he started to walk to his old home in Virginia, there to end his days.



Procrastination
Is the thief of time.

Time
is the thief of good intention.

Good Intention
is the thief of determination.

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THE AUTUMN OF 1908.

We beg to announce the formal opening of the Autumn Furniture Season and to express the firm belief that this will prove the most prosperous year of our existence. We base this statement on the extent and magnificence of our stock, the general prosperity that is bound to come, our greatly increased purchasing power which creates unapproachably low prices, which removes great burdens from the shoulders of workingmen and makes marriage possible among people heretofore kept apart because of limited means.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION CALLED TO OUR LINE OF PORTIERES.

The Portsmouth Furniture Co.,
COR. VAUGHAN AND DEER STREETS.

Good Will Soap 4c bar, 7 bars 25c
Best 38c Coffee only 29c lb
Rich Old Cheese 19c lb
Best Creamery Butter 28c lb

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Fall Woolens
in all the latest shades.
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Read The Herald And Keep Posted